

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Retributive Justice.

Two years have not yet passed since Prussia and Austria combined to rob Denmark of a portion of her territory. They are now in arms, and ready to fly at each other's throats, on the question of what shall be done with their spoil! Their quarrel seems likely to involve all Europe and lead to a general war, which can only result in the spoiling of the spoilers. Austria can hardly fail to lose Venetia to Italy, and Prussia her provinces this side the Rhine to France; while it is more than likely that Schleswig-Holstein, which Austria and Prussia wrested from Denmark, will be permitted to determine its own political relationship through the suffrage of its people. This means reannexation to Denmark.



THE FENIAN DEMONSTRATION—"EMIGRANTS FOR THE CANADIAN FRONTIER" ARRANGING FOR THEIR DEPARTURE, AT TAMMANY HALL, NEW YORK CITY.

Such can scarcely fail to be the direct result of the impending European war; but there are possible and incidental results of equal, if not greater moment, and which will punish Great Britain for her sins of omission and commission. She had it in her power, and it was her duty, under treaty stipulations—in fact, her word and honor were plighted—to protect Denmark from dismemberment. Had she done so, the war which now threatens to desolate the Continent would have been averted, and the opportunity which it will be sure to give to Russia to plant her power in Constantinople would not have been afforded. The disturbances in the Principalities have already brought about a joint occupation of Moldavia by the Russians and Turks. How long before that occu-



THE CAPTURE OF THE FENIANS BY THE U. S. STEAMER MICHIGAN, WHILE ENDEAVORING TO RETREAT ACROSS THE NIAGARA RIVER, ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 3.—SKETCHED BY MR. W. H. HARVEY.  
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pation will change into an exclusively Russian one will depend precisely on the time that may elapse before the exchange of blows between Prussia and Austria. Russia once on the Bosphorus, and what becomes of the blood and treasure, and exertions in cabinet and field, which Great Britain has expended to keep open her passage to the Indies? She will be called on to protect this passage, or meekly give up her traditional policy—to go to war again, or surrender all that she fought for on the Nile, in Syria, and in the Crimea. Nemesis is on her track as surely as on that of the despoilers of Denmark. Pusillanimity and treachery, as well as robbery, will meet a just retribution.

Completely master of the situation, able and ready to act, sits the arbiter of Europe on the banks of the Seine. Out of all these complications will come to him expansion and aggrandizement on the south and north. Italy will gain Venetia at the cost of another Savoy; Belgium will become a department of France, whose boundaries will be pushed to the Rhine. The treaty of 1815, through which it was sought to direct and control the designs of Providence, and drive posterity through grooves ordained in Vienna, will disappear and become obsolete in name as it already is in fact, and the traditional and constant enemy of Great Britain, reinforced in power and wealth, will throw off his dissembling smile and hypocritical alliance, and drag down that power, which has now no friend on earth, to the very dust of humiliation. Waterloo will be avenged, and England's boasted power disappear amid the jibes of Italy and Denmark betrayed, and under the pity and contempt of that other power in America which she so cruelly wronged, and which alone could have saved her from disgrace and ruin.

These are not fanciful speculations, but possibilities obvious and near. As humanitarians, we may shrink from the contemplation of the waste and bloodshed which a general European war must involve; but in its political results we have little interest. Regarding the European powers as individuals, we know well enough that they are either open enemies, like England, France, Austria, and Spain, or mere negative friends, like Italy and Russia. They may cut and carve their territories, "adjust boundaries," and "amend the map of Europe" to their liking, and imagine they are molding the centuries to their will. The devotees of Republicanism, the believers in the rights and capacities of man, will find in all this turmoil, and this struggle of petty ambitions, only another motive for abandoning the irreclaimable Old World for the free soil and stimulating atmosphere of the New, where the great problem of human freedom is working out, under God's guidance, its own happy solution. The complications to which we refer will send to us not only accumulated wealth, and muscles, and skill capable of creating wealth, but the best blood and brains of Europe. They may create some financial fluctuations in our capitals among foreign Jews and gambling brokers, but they will also create an increased demand for our products, and in every sense enhance our interests.

We await the coming storm, therefore, under easy sail and with perfect composure, and shall witness the humiliation of Great Britain, and the dismemberment of Austria and Prussia, with complete satisfaction, as the just punishment of crime.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1866.

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NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

#### Appointments to Office.

THE President lately issued the following circular to the heads of departments in reference to appointments to office:

"It is eminently right and proper that the Government of the United States should give earnest and substantial evidence of its just appreciation of the services of the patriotic men, who, when the life of the nation was imperiled, entered the army and navy to preserve the integrity of the Union, defend the Government and maintain and perpetuate unimpaired its free institutions.

"It is therefore directed: First, That in appointments to office in the several executive departments of the General Government and the various branches of the public service connected with said departments, preference shall be given to such meritorious and honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, particularly those who have been disabled by wounds received or diseases contracted in the line of duty, as may possess the proper qualifications.

"Second—That in all promotions to said departments and the several branches of the public service connected therewith, such persons shall have preference, when equally eligible and qualified, over those who have not faithfully and honorably served in the land or naval forces of the United States.

"ANDREW JOHNSON."

It is nothing new in ethics for overstrained virtues to become vices. "Extremes meet,"

and while we are practicing our greatest benevolence, there is often only a thin crust separating us from gross injustice. It is in legislation especially that this antagonism of principles is most apt to arise. Let it be proved by every form of logic, and confirmed by appeal to the highest impulses of our nature, that a class is oppressed, or that some principle ought to be enforced, and straightway men will be found to clamor for the strict and instant enforcement of what they call the right. It seems to be forgotten that this right cannot be carried out without some accompanying wrong; that Government is the balancing of the interests of classes; and that, though it is right one should be elevated, it is wrong another should be depressed. This tendency to run a principle to its extreme lengths, and to take no account of the influences which ought to modify its application, may perhaps be one of the inevitable accompaniments of times of great political excitement, like the present, but this is no reason why we should not endeavor to guard against its pernicious effects.

It is because we are so well aware of the abuse to which the recommendations contained in the circular of President Johnson of April 7th is liable, that, at the risk of being thought careless of the claims which it was the object of the circular to enforce, we venture some remarks upon the limitations which ought obviously to attend it. One of these limitations is stated in express terms, "that in all promotions in said departments, such persons," meaning those who served in the army or navy during the war, "shall have preference, when equally eligible and qualified, over those who have not faithfully and honorably served in the land or naval forces of the United States." It might be presumed that those who had not served "faithfully and honorably" ought to be discharged, rather than in any manner be rewarded; but passing by the ambiguity of the phrase, we come to the limitation, "when equally eligible and qualified." One would almost imagine that there existed in the departments of Government a system of competitive examination, and that, all other things being equal, those who had served their country in the field or at sea, especially if wounded or diseased, should be preferred over those who had not so served, and were sound in mind, limb or eyesight. Now it is just here that the tendency to exaggeration of a good principle shows itself, and almost neutralizes the benevolent intention of the President. For, it is argued, if preference to office is to be given to the wounded, and so on, those now in office ought to be displaced, to make room for more worthy even if less able men: a conclusion not in the least warranted by the terms of the circular itself. Again, how easy it is, in finding that wounds and diseases contracted in the service of your country entitle the sufferers to a preference, to slide into the belief that these disabilities, in spite of which appointments are made, are in themselves, qualifications. But it is not meant that, having lost your arm, you are therefore entitled to a clerkship, but only that, if you are as honest, sober, and capable as others who are seeking an appointment, you will be entitled to a preference by reason of your wounds, and otherwise not.

There is, besides, in this circular, an assumption which we think is both dangerous and false: It is that none have served their country except those who were in actual conflict. Far be it from us to dim for one instant the lustre of the deeds of those who fought and bled; but as there were strong men before Agamemnon, so there were other patriots besides those who entered the field, and who have deserved equally well of their country. Another assumption is, and though not so apparent, has been more practically acted upon: that a man eminent as a warrior must be equally successful in all other pursuits. It is but the counterpart of the error with which we began the war. Then, any bawling lawyer or loud-mouthed politician only had to put on a uniform, and it was supposed his energy would supply the place of talent, and his impudence atone for the absence of military knowledge. Are we much wiser, now the war is over? Is there not a lingering belief that a gallant sabreur must make a good Minister-Plenipotentiary? That a victorious General is necessarily our best representative abroad? How many more failures like that of Kilpatrick in Ohio are we to have before we learn the true qualifications of our public men?

But the fact is, that the circular of the President we have alluded to is so full of kind and humane feeling, and struck so tender a chord of the public spirit, that we should have been content to have allowed the errors it by implication sanctioned to have passed without comment, only that we see in many quarters the gross injustice which a strict application of its doctrine involves. "In the meantime we may depend upon it for our comfort," said my Uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will

never, he inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one."

#### Close of the War in the South Pacific.

THE full details of the recent attempt on Callao by the Spanish fleet show that the repulse of the latter was a signal defeat. Several vessels of the squadron were completely disabled, and had the attack been renewed with a crippled force, a number of vessels would inevitably have been sacrificed. Instead of renewing the attack, however, the Spanish Admiral was obliged to take his departure for fear of being blown up by torpedoes. In his note to the British Minister announcing his departure, and the raising of the blockade (which had lasted a week), he could not, being a Spaniard, refrain from indulging in a little of what the English call "bounce." Having "chastised" Peru, he says, he takes his leave. We reproduce his manifesto as a laughable curiosity:

FRIGATE NUMANCIA, BAY OF CALLAO, MAY 9, 1866.

The naval forces under my command having chastised the unjust provocation of the Government of Peru by the bombardment of Callao and an attack upon their fortifications, of whose numerous and heavy guns only three finally responded to those of the fleet at the time of its withdrawal to its anchorage, the undersigned has the honor to announce that the blockade of Callao is raised, the squadron leaving the waters of Peru. And furthermore, that if the Government of the Republic executes or tolerates outrages against the Spanish subjects residing within it, the naval force of her Catholic Majesty will return to avenge them.

CASTRO MENDEZ NUNEZ.

In response to the threat contained in the last paragraph, the Peruvian Government two days after, issued a decree prohibiting all Spanish subjects from entering the country under penalty of being treated as spies, and obliging all those who have come into the country since 1850, or who have ever made reclamations against it, to leave within thirty days, while those who entered before 1850 have the alternative of becoming naturalized or leaving. So Admiral Nuñez, if he regards these acts as "outrages," is loudly called on to again "face the music" of the Callao batteries.

It is said by the organ of the French Government in this city, which is equally a Spanish stipendiary, that the Spanish squadron will undertake no more this season, but separate, one part going to the Philippines and the other to Montevideo, with the view, after re-equipping and receiving reinforcements, of renewing the "chastisement" of the allies at some future day. This, interpreted in English, means that Spain has given up the contest in the Pacific. Her vessels, when they leave the coasts of Peru and Chile, will do so never to return.

But the war is not over, nor can it be closed by being abandoned by Spain. The probable speedy adhesion of Venezuela and New Granada to the existing alliance, will transfer the theatre of operations to the Atlantic; and in spite of Mr. Seward's post-prandial aspiration in Havana, that "Spain might maintain her American possessions," this transfer can hardly fail of securing the independence of Cuba. There would be a stern justice in this retribution which would go far to restore the waning belief that Heaven interferes among nations now, as of old, to protect the injured and punish the guilty. At any rate, Spain will only have to reproach herself, if, by her own conduct, she has called into existence those "heaviest battalions" which Bonaparte averred always received the support of the supernal powers.

THE wisdom of Rowland Hill's system of cheap postage, and the largest accommodation for the largest number, is receiving a full vindication in England every year. The revenue from the post-office is increasing so rapidly, as to give reason for believing that it will soon deliver the country from that most offensive of all imposters, the income tax. The surplus revenue, last year, from this source, was \$7,500,000, and the surplus increases at the rate of \$1,500,000. The secret of the profit has been discovered. It lies in the establishment of frequent deliveries of letters in all large towns, with no extra charge for delivery. Two cents will send a letter to all parts of the United Kingdom, and put it in the hands of the person to whom it is addressed. Nobody thinks much of two cents, and will pay it on a letter containing the most trivial inquiry, when he knows that the post will bring him an answer in less than two hours. People invite each other to dinner, to the theatre, for a drive in the afternoon, for whatever comes uppermost, by letter. The transaction costs the Government less than half a cent, leaving three hundred per cent. profit.

PROBABLY the oldest of living travelers is Frederick de Waldeck, author of "Picturesque Archaeological Travels in Yucatan," and "Ancient Monuments of Mexico and Yucatan," the latter lately published by the French Government. De Waldeck visited Palenque and Mexico long before Stephens and Catherwood, and made numerous and elaborate drawings of their monuments and other objects of interest. Although now over one hundred years old, he proposes to bring out, in London, another book, entitled "Archaeological Encyclopedia," in which he will give plates of "more than two thousand subjects," illustrating the monuments of America and its early history. It will be published by subscription—a volume of text and another of plates—price ten pounds sterling, payable on delivery. Mr. E. A. Henwood, 99 Englefield road, West, London, is agent to receive subscriptions.

We hope the venerable traveler may secure good encouragement from the people of the continent he has done so much to illustrate.

The London *Spectator* ventures to tell the truth of those great gambling matches, "The Races." Of the last "Derby," the grandest of the turf demonstrations and the most respectable, it says:

"The truth is, that the crowd on Epsom Downs is a crowd of gamblers, and has the code, the manners, the aspect, the recklessness and the extravagance of gamblers. Of the twenty thousand people who, it is calculated, were present at Epsom Downs, we should say that at least nineteen thousand left the course madder and less the worse for liquor. According to a phrase much affected by policemen who have to give evidence in court, the majority of the spectators present were not drunk, but had been drinking." To this state of well-nigh universal semi-intoxication we should ascribe the extraordinary coarseness of language and gesture which characterized the conduct of the crowd. Songs of the lowest character were sung before the carriages of the 'aristocracy and gentry' who were assembled on the course. Jokes, whose humor, if humor there was, was entirely Fescennine, were bandied freely to and fro between the occupants of drags and mail-coaches and the tramps and gipsies who swarmed within the enclosure supposed to be set apart for the Upper Ten Thousand, and the great amusement of the day consisted of an interchange of chaff and a volley of dried peas fired from pop-guns between the fast men about town and the Anonyms and Marguerites, who formed the greater portion of the female spectators."

MR. LAYARD made himself absurd on the interpellation about the Valparaiso bombardment. In excusing the British Admiral for not co-operating with Commodore Rodgers to prevent it, he makes the silly observation that the Spaniards could have destroyed the combined English and American squadrons. The results of the Spanish attacks on the allied Chilean and Peruvian fleets, and on Callao, have probably disabused the mind of the Archaeological Under-Secretary of State. We are no admirers of Commodore Rodgers, but we believe him when he says he could have destroyed the Spanish iron-clad, the Numancia, the bulwark of the Spanish fleet, in from thirty seconds to thirty minutes. That gone, the remaining vessels would have been "crunched up" like empty eggshells. If the stupidity of the British Government is fairly reflected by Mr. Layard, it would "pay" it to make a friendly match between the Monadnock, or any of her class, and the most powerful of the European armored vessels. The result might open the eyes of Great Britain to facts, upon which her naval existence—not her supremacy, for that is gone—may depend. "Destroyed by the Spaniards!" Why, if Spain had fired a shot against Commodore Rodgers, her entire navy, to say nothing of Cuba, wouldn't have been worth to her an hour's purchase!

At the outbreak of the war, there were 109 free negroes in South Carolina, owning among them 278 slaves.

THE battle of Stone River, fought and won by Gen. Rosecrans, was very bloody. The national loss was one-fifth of the force engaged. Here a cemetery for the Union dead has been laid out. It covers sixteen acres, and is to be enclosed with a substantial wall, 4½ feet high. Over 5,000 are now interred there, of whom the largest number from any one State, over 1,000, are Ohioans. But three or four are from Massachusetts. Where the friends do not furnish a stone, the Government will erect one of Chattanooga marble, 3 feet high (one-half the length being above ground), 1 foot wide, 5 inches thick, rounded at the top, with the name and regiment of the soldier on the top.

Two hundred and ninety-seven thousand five hundred watches, under the value of \$100 each, paid taxes last year, and 43,800 of higher value paid \$3 each. Of pianos, 133,957 paid taxes, amounting in the aggregate to \$307,770. New Jersey returns more watches in proportion to her population than any other State, with the single exception of Massachusetts, having a gold watch for every 35 of her people—no record being made of silver watches. In pianos and other parlor musical instruments, Massachusetts ranks first in proportion to population, New York second, and New Jersey third—possessing an instrument for about each 190 of her inhabitants. The Territories are quite destitute of these bulky evidences of civilization and refinement, Utah returning but 9, Idaho, 3; Colorado, 24; New Mexico, 14; Nebraska, 45; Washington, 35; and Arizona, Dakota and Montana, none. No returns either of pianos or watches from the States of South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and Arkansas, and but one of each from Georgia, have been received.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

WE really wish that superb specimen of a Cockney, the author of our "Mutual Friend," now performing at the Olympic, would visit New York. He wrote in his slip-slop style so pleasantly about Broadway, as it appeared in 1842, that we should like to read what he would say about its appearance in 1866. We remember what it was then, and can see what it is now. But like all gradual changes, however rapidly made when they take place before our "daily eyes" we are not so impressed by them as we ought to be, and now the progress seems to quicken every day. The avenues are becoming veritable Broadways, and boast stores little inferior to those of the fashionable promenade of the Empire city. In a word, the metropolis of America is tropical in its growth. The verted slave to statistics and the optimum-dreamer are equally lost in astonishment when they walk up a street in New York and contrast its condition in 1846 with its appearance in 1866. Only twenty years! and yet, absurd as it may sound, two thirds of the frequented thoroughfares of our grand and glorious city have been rebuilt. Where is there another place in the world, from the day when Adam founded Eden to the present time, of which the same thing can be said? Our readers may perhaps expect a moral to this very ultra-comparative exordium, and we cheerfully give it—architectural rapidity reaches its ultimate in a republic.

The conversational epidemic of the past week has been the sayings and doings of Fenianism.

Some very critical native-born citizens shake their heads, and say that in a few years we shall have as much



trouble with the Irish element as the English have; while others spitefully declare that nothing can more thoroughly demonstrate the utter unfitness of the Celtic race to make good citizens than their disobedience to the laws of a country which has so nobly sheltered them; the fact is, that an Irishman seldom can become a safe member of our Republic; for, to carry out his insane hatred of England, he would sacrifice the best interests of the United States. Col. O'Neil, the hero of the Fort Erie fiasco, is said by the New York Daily Times to be one of the Wier gang, and the identical rebel who terrified seven hundred Irishmen, imprisoned in Anderson, S. C., to forsake their allegiance to the Republic and enlist in the rebel army. If this be true, he ought to be tried for the offense—at all events, no honest Fenian should associate with him again. President Johnson has ordered the arrest of the leading wearers of the Green, whom he calls "evil-disposed persons," thereby insulting the dignity of his brother President, Drygoods Roberts.

But however the bigoted and malignant Britishers may vilify the great patriotic movement, there is no doubt that it is the absorbing question of the day, and our sketches on page 209 are of the deepest interest. Although two wrongs never make a right, it is impossible not to feel a grim satisfaction, half pity, half contempt, and we speak as unflinching, two-thirds amusement—at the very faces the old Pirate of the World makes at having the bitter challenge put to his own lips, and forced to swallow a little of the physic he so gleefully mixed for us. As the English pretend greatly to admire their fellow-Cockney, Shakespeare, we remind them that there is another passage in his writings which admirably fits their case. It is the engineer being hoisted on his own petard. Nevertheless, despite our sympathy with Irish wrongs, we think it not right to make war upon that fat, far and fast-approaching fifty lady, Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India.

As we surmised in our last, the rum and rowdy democrats of New Jersey have refused to close the drinking-saloon on the Sunday. We must admit the peace has not been broken—as the rowdies of New York have a wholesome fear of Jersey justice; the wholesome severity lately displayed toward the ruffians who assaulted Mr. Van Horn and the inhabitants of Greenville, has had a good effect. The miscreants who get drunk and run a muck on the Sunday do not like three years' hard labor in jail, which they may be sure they will get if they play their practical jokes on the Jerseys. The only result is that somewhere about a hundred special policemen are sworn in and armed every Sunday to keep the peace, and the ruffians know that these vigilant guardians of the peace do not spare a rowdy's head when it runs against his club, while at every station-house a New Jersey Rhadamanthus sits all ready to fine and imprison, as the police hand them over to their tender mercies.

The theatres present merely the unnatural attractions of the moribund state. Wheatley has the Ravens, who are performing in the very same places that delighted our grandfathers.

Dickens, like every one else, is growing obtuse in his old age, and consequently Mr. Bowe, with all his second-hand cleverness, has been able to make anything out of his last and worst novel, "Our Mutual Friend." It was a most miserable failure, and could only be excused as the fag-end of a season. It is said that Mrs. Wood's jolly reign is approaching its end, and we can only say of this, as we do of other lamentable things, that we are sorry for it.

Although it is summer, the American Museum remains under the influence of Frost, which, tempered by the genial Barnum, makes very pleasant weather. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the attraction.

Moses has commenced his summer campaign in his usual gallant manner, Dan Bryant and Miss Cooke being his chief attractions. As a general thing, we detest the whiskey and shillelah dramas, but Dan Bryant is the best edition of that terrible form of sensation, and as such, can be tolerated.

Lent's Circus has been making a very profitable tour in the Jerseys. Carlotta de Berg's equestrian performances perfectly amazed them. They had never seen such grace and daring before. A correspondent complains of a piece of meanness on the part of the management, which he wishes us to notice. Just before the performance began, a storm of wind blew part of the tent down, which so frightened some of the women and children, that they ran out. When the damage was repaired, the doork-per very unfairly refused to let them in, although they had paid only a few minutes previously.

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The Department of State learns from the United States Minister at Paris, that if naturalized citizens of the United States, liable to conscription in France but for their naturalization, will go at once upon their arrival in France, and report at the *Mairie* of the district in which their names are enrolled, produce their evidence of naturalization as citizens of the United States, and ask to have their names erased from the conscription list, they will probably be relieved from all difficulties or apprehension in this regard.

The boxes of commerce has hitherto been mostly manufactured from boracic acid, obtained in Tuscany. The acid and soda, combined and crystallized, has been found in limited quantities in Tibet and China. But the deposit at Clear Lake, in California, is much more abundant, and of remarkable purity. As taken crude from the earth, it is pronounced superior to the best English refined borax. "Borax Lake," as it is termed, is about two miles in circumference, surrounded by high hills, and serving as a reservoir for the water that falls in the rainy season. In summer the lake is quite shallow, and lumps of crystallized borax are taken out of the mud; and, after the crystals are extracted, the mud itself is found, for a depth of several feet, to contain more than eleven per cent. of borax; and so deeply has it penetrated, that when an artesian well had been sunk sixty feet, borax was still found in the mud even at that depth.

The new five-cent piece is to be of the same size as the three-dollar gold coin. Fifty pieces, laid in a straight line, will make the "metre," or unit of French measure. It will also be no more eight-tenths of an inch, than no ordinary measurement will detect the difference. Three of these coins will weigh a half-ounce, and be convenient for a postage weight.

A party of twenty-four gentlemen, in Caldwell County, North Carolina, have just returned from a great squirrel hunt. Half of the number exhibited 1,300 scalps, and the others exhibited 1,900. The largest number killed by one man was 537.

The lovers of "remarkable coincidences" will not fail to note the fact that the Fenian invasion of Canada occurred in the same region where Gen. Scott won his first laurels, and on the day when his remains were consigned to the grave.

According to Gen. Stoneman's report of the Memphis riots, the investigation shows that not less than twenty-four negroes were brutally murdered. Eight of the number had been United States soldiers, and were acting under the orders of the Provost-Marshal, and, therefore, came in conflict with the disorderly. The report is severe upon the conduct of the people of Memphis.

Consumption and fevers carry off nearly one quarter (23.58 per cent.) of all who die in the United States. Of course, consumption is more general in the Northern and Middle than in the Western and Southern States, while fevers prevail South and West. The following is the exact ratio as regards the former disease:

East. m. States	24.9
Middle States	18.4
Western States	11.4
Southern States	7.4

As regards fevers, the following is the ratio:

Eastern States	6.3
Middle States	8.0
Western States	13.0
Southern States	15.4

Seventy men are now employed on the Hoosic Tunnel, and the work is being carried forward successfully. Two engines are at work, one of forty and one of one hundred feet into the mountain. They still use the drill in getting out the rock. They sometimes send up in the bucket pieces of stone that weigh five thousand pounds. The engineer says that, with the progress now making, and likely to be made on both sides of the mountain, it will take eight years to complete the tunnel.

The Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate says: "A great change in the opinions of the (Southern) people has taken place, and we now favor and desire and invite immigrants from all quarters to come among us to help to restore and build up our waste places, and give us again a prosperous state. Population is wealth; population is security; population is strength; population is independence; population will settle the vexed question in this region."

The suspension bridge across the Cumberland, at Nashville, was opened on the 22nd ult. It is a structure of remarkable strength and symmetry.

Shad were never more numerous in Connecticut River than this season. At Hadam Island three thousand were caught in one day, last week, over eight hundred being caught in one haul of the net. The price on the river is \$18 per hundred.

Advices from Fort Laramie say that the Indians are congregating there in large numbers to attend the pending treaty at that place. About twenty thousand are already there, chiefly from the Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Sioux. Their destitution makes them anxious for peace, but they strenuously claim that the territory along the Smoky Hill route must be left to them for herding-grounds, and it is thought that unless this is done, they will continue to be troublesome. Their condition at the Fort is deplorable in the extreme.

A reception was given to Gen. T. W. Sherman at St. Paul, lately. About three hundred invited guests were present. Gen. Sherman, in reply to a complimentary toast, took occasion to defend his expedition to the Southern coast. He said Port Royal had been denounced as a failure, but if it were the last words he ever uttered, he would say it was not a failure. No expedition, with the same resources, in the late war, produced one-half the results.

Arrangements are being made to hold a grand convention of soldiers and their friends at Indianapolis, on the 4th of July next, at which time the battle-flags of the various regiments will be formally presented to Gov. Morton, as the representative of the State. Half-fare arrangements will be made with the various railroads centering in the city.

In boring for coal at St. Joseph, Mo., a depth of 350 feet has been reached. Two veins of coal have been passed—one eighteen inches and the other two feet thick. Below the second vein a brine has been reached. It is said to yield eighty-three per cent. of oil. It causes as much sensation in the city as if oil had been struck.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was on the 11th ult. elected President of the Alabama and Tennessee River Railroad. There was no opposition to his election, and the directors were authorized to fix his salary at any sum not less than six thousand dollars a year. The *Belmont Times* says that it is confidently expected that he will accept the position.

It is reported at Nashville that the body of a noted guerrilla, named Tom Morrow, a leading member of Harper's gang, has been found, riddled with bullets, by a road in the woods near Gallatin, Tenn. His horse was found galloping over the country. It is unknown who killed him.

Miss Evans, the authoress, has purchased a marble mausoleum, to be erected to the memory of the Mobile soldiers who fell in the war.

It is reported that Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, purposes, on his return from California, to carry out a long-contemplated scheme, by founding and endowing in Philadelphia a Home for Retired Actors.

Gov. Brownlow writes to the Nashville *Press* that the people throughout East Tennessee, with the exception of a few localities, are quiet and peaceable. In some cases discharged Union soldiers have been killed by bushwhackers, who are believed to be returned rebel soldiers. Lying reports of the persecution of former rebels by Union men have been sent to Washington, and persons have been sent by the Government to ascertain the facts. Among these Commissioners is Gen. Granger. The Governor says that nine-tenths of the people are for the Franchise law, and will see that it is carried out.

**Foreign.**—The proposed Congress of the European Powers was to meet in Paris on the 5th of June; but, judging from the debates in the British Parliament, not much reliance was placed on its being able to arrange the difficult questions which now threaten the peace of Europe. England had plainly declared that, although she was willing to do all she could to prevent war, yet she would not be bound to enforce any conclusion the Congress might come to. Louis Napoleon, whose personal aggrandizement, as well as the safety of his dynasty, require a constant state of agitation, pretends to favor peace, but it is a foregone conclusion with all that he is doing all he can to bring on the war. Louis Napoleon will yet compel the Great Powers to form a coalition against him, as they did against his uncle.

Those miserable men called Sports are very indignant in England, in consequence of the fight for the championship between Gos and Mace proving to be a farce. The men sparred at each other, then scampered about the ring for nearly an hour, and finally it was declared a draw. As the pugilists acted more like knaves than beasts who are willing to pound one another to death, their cowardly patronage is highly indignant, and openly bewail the decay of the manly art of fighting for money.

An English writer, well-known for the accuracy of his statistics, has published, in one of the London papers, a statement of the enormous wealth of Queen Victoria, whom he declares to be the richest sovereign in the world. Scores of the English journals avail themselves of this fact to reflect upon the Queen's meanness in begging Parliament to give her children something to live on, and when any of the royal brats are married, a fresh demand is made upon the public purse for the purchase of cradles, etc.

The Princess Mary of Cambridge is, at last, going to be married to a Prince Teck, a Colonel in the Austrian service.

The Princess Helena is to be married on the 5th of July, to Prince Christian. The Queen of England is an admirable mother for carrying off her girls. She seems to consider a husband is as necessary to a young lady as a new hat and an opera box.

## THE HORSE AT HOME.

FROM the earliest ages of civilization the horse has been the pride and companion of man. Possessing strength, fleetness and courage, no domestic animal has shared so largely in the confidence and respect a master gives to a favorite, and none has been more closely identified with all our ideas of nobility and heroism. The war-horse has called forth some of the sublimest strains of both prophet and poet, and the heroes of olden time are always presented to us in connection with the noblest of the brute creation. To understand the true character of the horse, we must look upon him not in the pampered, perverted condition to which civilization subjects him, but in his own domain—in his native prairie and plains, where alone he develops and exhibits his best traits. This unrestrained life is the normal condition of the horse, to which any of our highly-trained steeds would speedily return if the opportunity offered.

The horse, in his wild state, is eminently a domestic animal, somewhat lordly in his tastes, and fond of a

large establishment. He has his harem, over which he watches with as much zeal and vigor as a Turkish Pasha. True, his chosen beauties are not so scrupulously concealed from the public gaze, but they are as jealously guarded from all outside approaches, and were to the interloper who would venture upon any intimacy with the inmates of the seraglio.

When the young horse attains sufficient maturity, his first object is to make a settlement in life, to set up an establishment of his own, and attain the importance due to a paterfamilias. He immediately begins to select from the circle of his acquaintance such beauties as he deems suitable objects of his affection or ornaments of his home; and, guided by an unerring instinct, he never chooses an unworthy or uncongenial mate. Being a polygamist, our hero horse does not restrict himself to a single companion; fifteen, twenty, and sometimes thirty or more equine fair ones are the sharers of his attention and the objects of his favor. But the course of true love does not always run smooth in horse experience as well as in human. There are jealousies and rivalries, ending often in fierce battles and bloody encounters. Only the brave can win the fair, and when the noble stallion has routed his rivals, and secured his coveted prize, and established his rights in the range, his pre-emption claim is generally admitted, and everything moves on with tranquillity.

He now becomes the most gallant of lovers, the most attentive husband, the kind, at and most vigilant of guardians. All his energies and efforts are concentrated upon his family; he protects them from danger, he leads them to the cooling stream and the tender pastures; he has certain bounds, within which he roams with his charge. If any are sluggish and straggling, he menaces them with the exercise of his martial authority, trotting around, now in front, again in the rear, but keeping his whole family together, and leading them forth to their food or gambols.

Sometimes several families, or "bunches," as they are called on the plains, meet together at some favorite watering-place. For a time all seems mixed and confused in a manner that seems inextricable, and to separate them and return each animal to its proper bunch would appear an impossibility. But the patriarchs are equal to the task; and after allowing their charges time to drink and disport themselves in the water, they rush hither and thither, threatening and encouraging—now driving out an alien mare, now leading and caressing one of their own—menacing with teeth and heel the invasion of a rival, reminding one of some gallant colonel of cavalry rallying his squadron after a disorderly charge—until order is length prevailed, and each bunch draws off by itself. Then the leaders proudly survey their forces, and prancing gallantly between the lines, with arching necks and fiery eyes they neigh shrill defiance to their equally gallant rivals.

The stallion, in his character of head of the family, is ever loving and faithful, confining his attentions to his own circle exclusively, and compelling them to remain with him. He is with his wives in summer and in winter, when the plains teem with plenty, and when burning suns and protracted drouth have parched and consumed every green herb. If then there is a veering of grass towards the thick chaparral his majestic will find it; while his vigilant eye detects the first sign of an approaching storm, when he leads his cherished ones to the friendly lee of some impending bluff. As his family increases, the colts and fillies soon begin to long for new attachments. No cruel parent nips their budding love and arbitrarily opposes their affection; on the contrary, mindful of his own youthful deli, his, the horse cheerfully furthers these tender longings, and drives his progeny away from the precincts of home, to find elsewhere partners for life and begin the management of their own affairs.

There are always some stallions that have not courage enough or strength enough to maintain their claim to the objects of their choice. These form a distinct class—the pariahs of the tribe, forced to lead a life of single blessedness, and spend the weary days of horse life in aimless aspirations and unrequited longings. These unhappy creatures roam about from place to place, wherever they can find pasture, unloved and unloved.

We have thus briefly sketched the history of the horse at home, where he follows his native instincts and exhibits his natural traits, and we find him here the same noble, deserving animal that we are accustomed to deem him when he is the servant and pet of humanity.

## THE GREAT PARIS EXHIBITION.

WITHIN rather less than a twelvemonth from this date, that is, on the 1st of April of next year, the French Government stands pledged before the world to have the gates of the greatest Universal Exhibition which has ever yet taken place thrown open to the visitors from the four quarters of the habitable globe expected to be present at this great triumph of modern civilization. Long before that period, probably, the most marvelous collection of the products of human ingenuity and industry ever brought together in one spot, will have been poured into France, and been distributed, according to their various classification, within the construction just beginning to rear itself above ground on the Champ de Mars. Every day brings the public some further details of the contemplated Exhibition—some new modification of the interior or outer arrangements; and some of these are of so novel a character as to promise gratification to all tastes and to the most curious investigators.

At present all is a mass of inextricable bewilderment and confusion on the Champ de Mars, from the aspect of which the looker-on can gather little idea of future plans; and yet much progress has actually been made. The basement has already been laid down, the superstructure is about to be raised on it, and vast iron pillars are on the spot, in readiness to support the enormous arches, or rather sections of arches, to be reared on those.

The structure itself is to cover thirty-six acres of ground, and is elliptical, a form eminently suited to arrangement and classification, although offering some serious disadvantages as far as a general coup d'œil is concerned. Indeed, although as a magnificent receptacle of the products of industry the building will stand unrivaled in point of effect, it is admitted that it will fall very short of that produced by the first London Exhibition of 1851, or indeed, of the still existing palace at Sydenham. All the products exhibited are classified in ten leading divisions, which again are subdivided into ninety-five classes. The ten divisions comprise: Works of arts; materials and applications of labor to art; furniture and household articles; clothing and personal equipments; mining and its rough products; instruments and machines; food, fresh and prepared; living agricultural products and specimens of practice; horticultural products and practice; and lastly, objects adapted to the amelioration of the physical and moral condition of the populations of the earth. Each of these ten groups will occupy one of the elliptical concentric rings running with the form of the structure, while to each nation will be allotted a section of the ground-floor, running from the outside to the centre. This arrangement will enable any one moving from the outside to the centre by a transverse passage, to see everything produced by each several nation, while, on the contrary, by moving round the building, such an one can inspect successively all the articles of the same sort which the world produces. The circular galleries, as well as the sectional passages, will be spacious and lofty, and every facility for circulating in and out of the building will be afforded by means of numerous outlets.

In all inner arrangements, the Exhibition of 1867, it will be perceived, only differs from previous ones in the ameliorations which have been suggested by former

experiences, and in the greater extension afforded where exhibitors are expected to be more numerous, and from more varied portions of the world. It is in the outward surroundings of the palace, therefore, that greater innovations are to be looked for; and if everything is accomplished which is talked of, the Paris Exhibition will stand alone of its kind, at least in our generation. There, in the grounds now being laid out, all sorts of constructions are to be raised. Some of these are to consist of the various sorts of habitations in use among the several nations of the world, containing, of course, the articles of furniture, clothing, etc., of every-day life among them. Thus, the hut of the Esquimaux will be seen side by side with that of the Red Indian (of whom, by-the-way, it is talked of importing a "real" specimen with his squaw), and of the palm-tree habitation of the dwellers on the banks of the Ganges. Then, there are to be restaurants or cafés to supply the respective wants and requirements of these varied nationalities, and each of these is to keep to the commodities of his country, so that you may breakfast at *la Française*, or at *la Espagnole*, lunch at *la Anglaise* (off cold beef and porter), dine at *la Russe* (that is not so difficult now-a-days), and sup, if you please, at *la Chinoise*. Theatres, where the dramatic representations of all nations will be performed, are to form part of these undertakings, and, indeed, the director of one celebrated theatre in England has already obtained a concession to establish an international theatre in the immediate vicinity of the palace, where Shakespeare, Racine, and the more modern dramatists of the two nations will be heard in their turn, with Spanish, Portuguese and Italian writers for the stage. It has been decided in the committee for the Exposition, that an International Club should be erected in the Champs de Mars, to contain on the ground-floor saloons in which conferences can be held on great social and industrial subjects. Around these are to be galleries and bazaars, provided with every sort of article in the way of clothing, food and refreshment, which may be required by travelers, thus enabling them to visit the Exhibition and take their departure again without incurring the expense and fatigue of seeking out hotels and lodgings. The upper story is exclusively reserved for the exhibitors. This newly organized club will remain open till eleven o'clock in the evening; but all games of chance or of cards are strictly interdicted.

On the other side, it is asserted that the Grand Hotel and the Hotel du Louvre (which are both in the hands of the same company), have been literally besieged by demands for rooms and apartments, secured beforehand by associations already formed in the United States, and have in consequence put forth a sort of public announcement, signifying that they could not engage themselves beforehand; that for the year 1867, first come would be first served; but that previous to April of that year, a tariff setting forth the exact and increased rates of accommodation for the period of the Exposition would be given out. In fact, if the whole civilized world is to benefit by the advantages offered by this Grand Exhibition, there is no doubt that there is not a hotel-keeper, furnished-house-keeper, or shopkeeper in or about Paris, who does not expect a special share of these advantages.

## HOW SHE LOST A HUSBAND.

A VERY select party congregated at the house of Mrs. Belville to celebrate the birthday of her daughter, the youngest of four, the fair Henrietta, who, at the time we write, had entered upon her nineteenth year. She was beautiful, accomplished, and, of course, amiable; although she had no fortune, she was a jewel in herself.

But to return to the birthday party: Henrietta played the piano divinely. Mr. William Pierson, the younger son of a country banker, looked very serious as the music proceeded. Mrs. Belville noticed the gravity of the young gentleman, and, doubtless to divert it, desired Henrietta to sing. The young lady obeyed, and sang in the finest possible taste. Had she been wound up for the occasion, like a musical box, she could not have acquitted herself with greater precision, or with less vulgar impulse. Every note fell from her lips as if it were chiseled. And then her execution! Poor William! his heart was dragged up and down the gamut until exhausted, when, at the last three-minute shake of the songstress, it fell into a thousand little pieces. There was a general burst of applause, followed for a moment by a profound silence. Mrs. Belville looked proudly at the young bachelors, but favored the younger son of the country banker with a look entirely for himself. In this pause a voice cried out, and it seemed as if accompanying the glances of Mrs. Belville:

"Does nobody offer?"

A titter, deepening into a laugh, ran round the room, and Mrs. Belville and Henrietta turned color.

"Oh! ha, ha!" observed the mamma, evidently restraining excessive laughter; "that teasing bird which Eddie's grandfather bought him. How came it here?" and the servant was immediately ordered to secure the intruder.

But the parrot was a social bird, and resolved not to leave the party; hence, after many ineffectual attempts to catch it—for its leg, though weak, had been bound by some Samaritan—the bird was suffered to remain. It was downright cruelty to let it, but—thus spoke the banker's son—"would Miss Belville sing his favorite song, the—"

"Certainly!" answered Mrs. Belville, for her daughter; and the favorite song—she forgot its title—was executed with incomparable power.

"Your only unmarried daughter?" observed William Pierson, in a low tone, to Mrs. Belville.

"All married except my dear Henrietta, and I believe it would break my heart to part with her. Yes, yes," said the mother, affected even by the probability of a separation, "Henrietta, sir, is—"

"The last lot, gentlemen, the last lot!" cried the parrot, and the guests burst into uncontrolled laughter.

Henrietta, with fine presence of mind, struck the keys of the piano, and, as though quite unconscious of the interruption, in a minute or two was in the midst of a furious battle-piece.

"If I might aspire to the notice of Miss Belville," said the banker's son to the mother, "I hope that—"

"Going for an old song, gentlemen!" cried the parrot, and again its words were greeted with a shout.

"It is too much! the creature—where could it have learned such words?—should be sent from the house!"

Such was the sentence pronounced by Mrs. Belville, and with some little difficulty carried into execution. But the charm of the evening was gone. Mrs. Belville was irritated, Henrietta languid, and Willie Pierson—whether the last declaration of the bird had "given him pause," we know not—not once, for the remainder of the evening, ventured to speak of Henrietta. She died a maid, a victim to the intrusion of truth. What would become of the world if truth interfered in every marriage?

An old London paper published in 1680 seriously recommended that an act should be passed in Parliament "that all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from and after such act, come upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's male subjects, by the use of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, 'water-falls' and 'switches', Spanish wool, 'fritzed hair' and 'rats', iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, stand null and void."

There is a regular trade carried on in Paris of picking up cigar ends in the *cafés*, which furnish a black and wholesome tobacco to the rag-pickers and sewer-men of the capital. At Lyons, too, the Sisters of Charity of a certain order, who lodge, clothe and feed a certain number of old men, wander about the *cafés* collecting cigar-ends for their aged pensioners, as they cannot afford to give them the luxury of a whole cigar.





LIZARDO MONTERO, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE PERUVIAN NAVAL FORCES.

**LIZARDO MONTERO.**

THE war against the South American Republics has made the prominent men of those countries objects of especial interest to our people, who naturally sympathize with the efforts of other free governments to maintain their liberties. We need not apologize, therefore, for presenting the portrait of the Commander-in-Chief of the Peruvian Navy, who so gallantly and successfully resisted the late attack by the Spanish fleet. Mr. Montero arrived at Callao the night previous to the bombardment, and at once assumed command of the men-of-war in that harbor. He is quite a young man, and distinguished himself greatly in the revolution of Prado, to overthrow the traitor Peset, on which account he was elevated to his present position.

**ADMIRAL NUNEZ.**

THIS gentleman has gained an unenviable notoriety on account of his connection with recent events on the Pacific coast. As the orders of his Government were imperative, he was compelled to carry them out or resign, and should not be blamed for the faithful discharge of his duty. He has rapidly risen from the rank of Lieutenant to his present grade, and is a brave and able officer. In the recent attack upon Callao, he was severely, and it is reported, fatally wounded.

**THE COTTA HOUSE.**

MARTIN LUTHER, the great Reformer, was born of poor and humble parents, who were barely able to support their family. They sent their children to school, however, giving them all the advantages within their reach. At the age of fifteen, Martin was sent away

from home to Eisenach, where some of his relations resided, in the hope that from them he might derive some assistance; but these relations either could not or would not render any aid, and the young student was compelled to depend upon himself. It was the custom in those days, as it is still in many German cities, for scholars to go around the streets, singing carols and songs before the various houses, begging a morsel of bread as the reward of the entertainment. Sometimes a generous supply was given them, and sometimes they received nothing but hard words. One day, in particular, young Luther had been repulsed at three different houses, and was preparing to return fast-



MENDEZ NUNEZ, ADMIRAL OF THE SPANISH FLEET IN THE PACIFIC.

ing to his lodgings, when, plunged in melancholy reflections, he stopped before the house of a worthy citizen. Suddenly the door opened—a woman appeared on the threshold; it was the wife of Conrad Cotta, who had often remarked the youthful Martin, and been affected by the sweetness of his voice. She had also heard the harsh words just addressed to the poor scholar, and, seeing him stand sadly before the door, she came to his aid, and gave him food to appease his hunger. Cotta liked the boy so well, that, a few days after, he gave him a permanent abode in his house, where, thence forward, free from want and care, he pursued his studies eagerly and successfully.

Years afterward,

when the poor scholar of Eisenach had become the first doctor of his age, a son of this same Conrad Cotta came to Wittenberg, and was received with joy at his table and under his roof; he thus repaying the kindness he had experienced in his struggling days.

The Cotta House is still standing, scarcely changed in appearance from the days of Luther. Our engraving gives a front view of it; and, while antiquated in its style, it is venerable both from age and association.

**RUINS OF THE WAREHOUSES AT VALPARAISO.**

IT will be remembered that in the recent cowardly bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spanish fleet, greater destruction was caused by the fires which raged uncontrolled during the attack than by the shot of the enemy. The custom-house and adjacent warehouses, filled with merchandise, were made the special target by the gallant and chivalrous Spanish Admiral, and were wholly destroyed. Our illustration gives a correct view of the present appearance of the ruins.

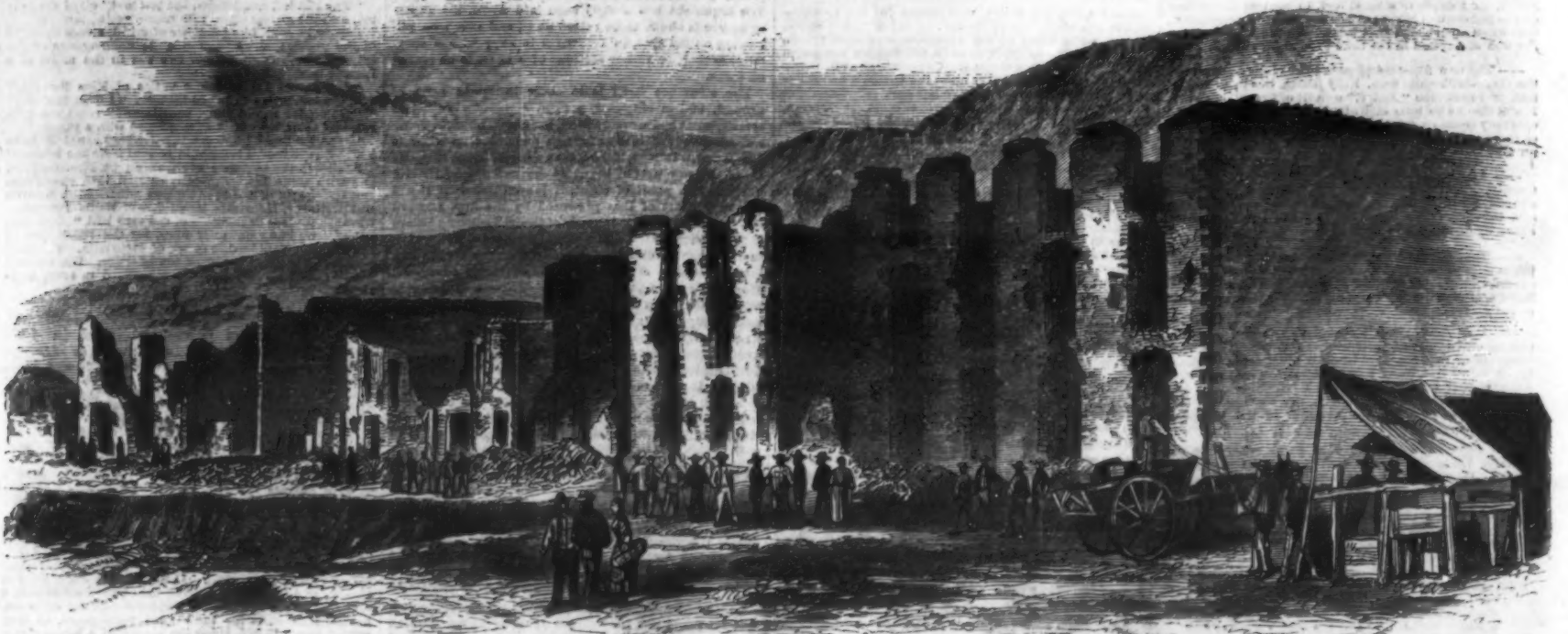
**CRUELTY TO THE MUTE CREATION.**

Carrying Fowls to Market.

ALTHOUGH some of the hard-hearted and practical people consider that Mr. Bergh carries his sympathy for animals a little beyond the absolute necessity of the case, all who know anything of the matter are aware that already a great good has been effected. We are no longer pained by such outrageous spectacles as were constantly seen at the Hoboken

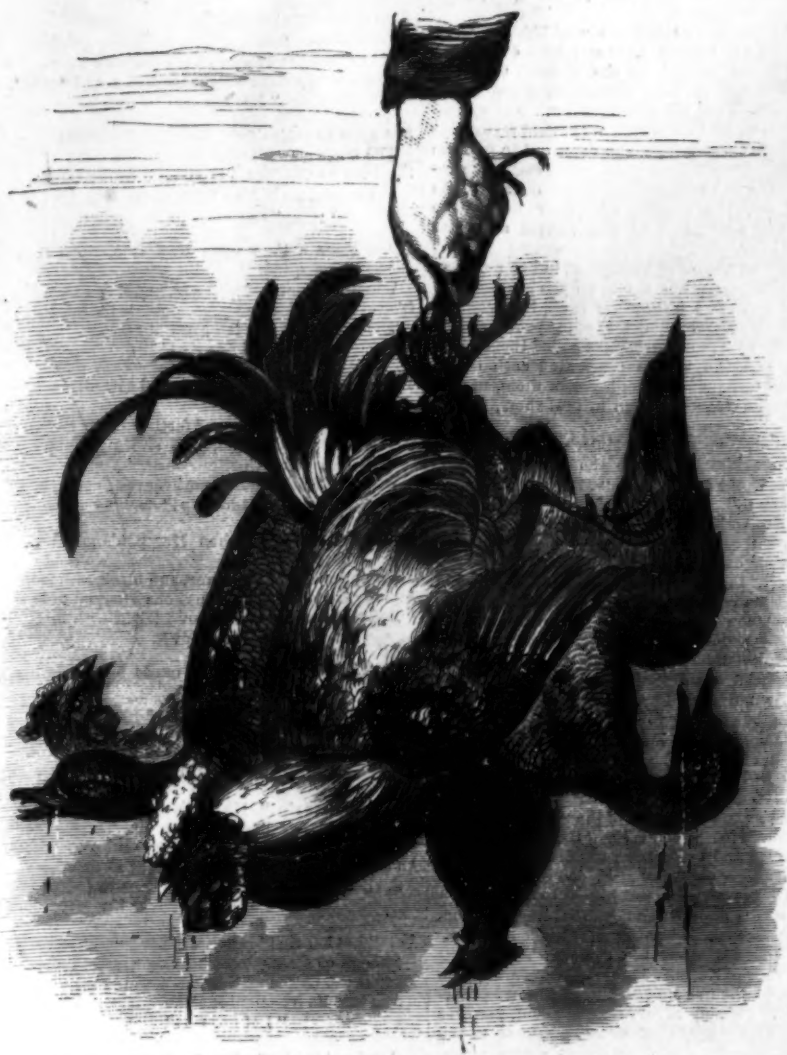


THE COTTA HOUSE, A MEMORIAL OF THE EARLY LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER, THE GREAT GERMAN REFORMER.



RUINS OF THE WAREHOUSES, VALPARAISO, CHILE, DESTROYED BY THE SPANISH FLEET IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF MARCH 31.





THE CRUEL METHOD IN WHICH FOWLS ARE CARRIED ABOUT THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY.

Ferry, Barclay street, where calves were tied by the legs and thrown into carts, being piled up one upon another, like so many sand-bags in a fortification. This brutal indifference to animal suffering has been stopped, and the poor creatures, on their way to be slaughtered for man's nourishment, are not subjected to physical pain. These gratuitous cruelties were a double evil—they familiarized us with sights of suffering, and dulled the edge of our humanity; they also deteriorated the quality of the meat—thus affecting not only our morals, but our health. The method in which fowls are carried is absurd and cruel, and Mr. Bergh is trying to stop it. Of course, there will be cases in which the critical and skeptical mind will discover something to laugh at, and, no doubt, many of those knavish Solomons, the justices, will rather take the experience of an overgrown and brutal butcher than a physician or a philanthropist; but the humanity of the community is with the movement, and despite a few over-zealous blunders, the new act for the prevention of cruelty to animals will overawe these irresponsible brutes that



OWSIP IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF, THE ENHANCED PEASANT WHO SAVED Czar ALEXANDER'S LIFE.

have hitherto tortured unoffending animals on the now obsolete principle that a man may do what he likes with his own.

## OWSIP IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF.

SOME men acquire distinction by patient effort, some are born to greatness, and others have it thrust upon them. Such a man is Owsip Ivanoff, who recently saved the Czar's life at St. Petersburg, and finds himself suddenly enriched and ennobled. A peasant in one of the provinces, he went to the capital to prosecute his trade of a hatter. By his diligence and industry he rose to the position of foreman, and married a peasant girl. On his birthday he went to say his prayers in the chapel near the house of Peter the Great, and on his return, by way of the summer garden, saw a crowd assembling around the imperial

equipage. Desirous of beholding his majesty, he joined the crowd, when a young man, who was standing behind Kommissaroff, tried to push him aside. This individual had repeatedly attempted to penetrate through the surrounding crowd and get nearer the carriage; but Kommissaroff, wishing to see the Emperor, would not suffer him to squeeze through and plant himself before him.

At the moment when the Emperor was putting on his cloak, the young man, pushing Kommissaroff forcibly aside, made his way to the front ranks, and drawing a pistol, leveled it at the Czar. Kommissaroff, who had followed him and noticed the movement, instantly caught him by the arm, and, diverting the pistol from its aim, caused it to discharge in the air.

The favor of the grateful Czar has invested him with nobility, and he is the object of a romantic enthusiasm on the part of the people of the Russian capital. In addition to grants of money and estates from the imperial purse, presents of all kinds pour in upon the late humble hatter, now one of the most distinguished personages in the empire. Gen. Todleben has been selected as a tutor to advise and educate the almost bewildered young man, and fit him for the high sphere in which he is placed. It remains to be seen how he will wear his unexpected honors; but the recognition of his services by a grateful sovereign is not the least noteworthy feature of this romantic history.

## BALDWIN PLACE CHURCH, BOSTON.

THE elegant house of worship, now in process of erection on the corner of Warren avenue and Canton street, Boston, is from plans of S. S. Woodcock, Esq., and will cost something over \$100,000 when complete. The corner-stone was laid in May, 1866, and the edifice will be dedicated during the coming summer. It will be one of the most spacious and elegant churches in the city. The style is called by the architect Victoria Gothic. The front will face on Canton street, and will consist of a small tower on the east side 75 feet high; a gable 80 feet high, surmounted by a cross 5 feet 6 inches in height. The whole height of the principal tower and spire is to be 148 feet above the sidewalk. Including buttresses, the length of the building is to be 113 feet; width, 77 feet 10 inches; length of transept, 110 feet; width of transept, 35 feet 2 inches. The exterior walls are to be of face brick; weatherings, moldings, steps and angles of buttresses, towers, &c., of sandstone; window and door dressings, of brown stone; and the spire and roof are to be slated with dark slates laid in ornamental patterns.

The main auditorium is 82 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 50 feet high to the ceiling of the clerestory. The walls 20 feet high at the angle of the clerestory are at the bottom of the clear-story molding. The platform is to be raised 4 feet above the main audience floor, which inclines 1 foot in the whole length toward the pulpit. The pulpit and chancel furniture, pews, gallery fronts, organ-case, doors and other inside finish, are to be of black walnut and chestnut combined, and enriched with panels and moldings.

The main feature of this edifice is the roof, which is self-supporting, there being no pillar in the whole area of the main audience-room. Of the 206 pews, not one will be ineligible, nor will the voice be intercepted from any part of the house. A large organ will form an attractive feature of the internal arrangement.

Rev. D. C. Eddy, D.D., is the pastor of this church, a gentleman well known throughout the country as an earnest, attractive speaker and interesting writer.

## PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SENOR DON JOSE GALVEZ.

THE South American patriots have determined to erect a monument to the memory of the Peruvian statesman and soldier, Senor Don José Galvez, who fell while gallantly defending his country from the inexorable and barbarous attack of the Spanish fleet. His name was known throughout the South American Republics, and he was distinguished for the comprehensive views which he took of republican liberty in all parts of the world, so that, though he was the Minister of War of Peru, he was also the chieftain of every government of equal rights. This characteristic will be signalled on his monument by simple and expressive legends, made up of the names of all the republics of the New World. There is a sympathy between kindred governments which makes the triumph of one the triumph of all, and prompts all to mourn for the heroic dead of each. It is fitting, therefore, that, far below the equator, on friendly soil, the United States should be introduced as adding a flower to the wreath which garlands the sepulchre of Galvez; that his own bust should individualize the homage that is so justly his due, and that the condor, the powerful and national emblem of Peru, should surmount the shaft that marks the place of his repose. It is also meet that Galvez, though dead, should still speak. By the introduction of Cuba among the republics recorded upon his tomb, the dead patriot flings his defiance at Spain, and prophesies from his grave the sure vengeance that awaits her. By reference to the engraving on this page, it will be seen that all these ideas are embodied in the general plan. The monument was designed by the distinguished artist, L. G. Mead, Jr., who has received the commission for its construction. It will be composed of bronze, upon a granite base, and its cost defrayed by contributions from the friends of republican liberty.

## THE FENIANS.

WE give some sketches to-day, which cannot fail to be deeply interesting at the present time, when the conflicting reports from the Canadian borders render it doubtful whether President Roberts, or Queen Victoria rules on the other side of the St. Lawrence. We are well aware that a great nation should never allow any particular past wrongs to influence its statesmanship, and belittle its national policy. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel a little grim satisfaction at the annoyances and losses now endured by the same people who aided and abetted George Sanders and his fellow rebels to concoct the St. Alban's raid.

The public is so familiar with all the particulars of the campaign in Canada, that our sketches need little, if indeed any, description. We, therefore, content ourselves by giving part of our Artist's letter, written immediately after the events he has so ably drawn.

DEAR SIR—The enclosed sketches were taken upon the spot on the days of Saturday and Sunday, by Mr. C. E. Hardy, city editor of the *Erie Dispatch*, and are thoroughly correct—as all who know the localities will admit.

The first sketch gives a view of old Fort Erie, now a mass of ruins. Here the Fenian flag was first raised, and it was from this point the invading force re-embarked for Buffalo after the failure of their plans.

The second gives a general view of Waterloo village, which comprises the larger portion of the settlement

known under the general name of Fort Erie. In the distance can be seen the ruins of the old fort, and nearer are the ruins of the Michigan railroad depot, burned by the mob some years ago. The building bearing the United States flag is the house of the American Consul. Many exciting scenes occurred here during the invasion. It was continually thronged with the people of the vicinity asking protection. The British camp was pitched on Sunday in the fields in the rear of the village.

[This sketch we had not room for in the present number.—Ed.]

Sketch the third gives a view of the lower portion of Waterloo village, with the action in progress between the Fenian force of some 200 and the Canadian volunteers 80 in number. The Canadians came from Fort Colburn with



BALDWIN PLACE CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

70 Fenians, captured there in a skirmish, bringing them on the tug Robb. Finding the coast clear, the most of the party, after reaching the dock, went on shore, when they were suddenly surprised by the Fenians, who were returning from Limestone Ridge. Part of them regained the tug and escaped, while some 40 took refuge in the old tavern to the right of the dock, and were subsequently made prisoners. Over the woods to the right was the Fenian camp.

The fourth gives an idea of the country and disposition of the forces on the two sides at the opening of the battle of Limestone Ridge. There was a change in the ground before the close of the fight.

No. five I sketched from the face of a dead Fenian, found in a secluded place near the battlefield. He was said by some of the prisoners to be a New Yorker, and very prominent in the movement.

[For this we have no room.—Ed.]



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SENOR DON JOSE GALVEZ—FROM A DESIGN BY LARIN G. MEAD.



### THE WIFE TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

Linger not long! Home is not home without thee;  
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn;  
Oh! let thy memory, like a chain about thee,  
Gently compel and hasten thy return.  
Linger not long!

Linger not long! Though crowds should woo thy staying,  
Dethink thee, can the mirth of friends, though dear,  
Assuage the pain, the grief, the long delaying,  
Costs the fond heart, that sighs to have thee here?  
Linger not long!

Linger not long! How I shall watch thy coming!  
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,  
When the wild bee has ceased its busy humming,  
And silence hangs on all things, like a spell?  
Linger not long!

How I shall watch for thee! when fears grow stronger,  
As night grows dark and darker on the hill;  
How I shall weep! when I can watch no longer—  
Oh! art thou absent—art thou absent still?  
Linger not long!

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that sees thee  
Gazes through tears that make its lustre dull;  
For ah! I sometimes fear when thou art near me  
My cup of happiness is all too full!  
Linger not long!

Haste, then, oh! haste unto thy peaceful dwelling,  
Haste, as a bird unto its own loved nest—  
Haste, as the bark, when tempests wild are swelling,  
Flies to its haven of securest rest!  
Linger not long!

### Behind the Scenes.

THE last scene of the last act had closed, and the brilliant tragedienne, Miss Eleanor Orme, had won to herself all that enthusiastic admiration which an American audience is so ready to accord.

It was her first appearance, after an absence from the stage of some six or seven years, and with most of the men and women who crowded the little theatre she had been an old favorite.

A half-dozen different stories of some domestic unhappiness had aroused the sympathy of hundreds, who could evince it in no other way than by this one spontaneous outburst of welcome back to her old life. Few actors, fewer actresses, had ever received such an ovation—if we may be allowed the term—as was our heroine's that winter night, ten years ago. No marvel, then, that her cheek glowed and her eyes flashed, as she received, again and again, a tribute of praise so justly her own. Wrong, injury, shame, might have been her lot in those past silent years. No matter; here, certainly, she was at home, beloved and welcome.

Once, only, as the curtain fell and hid her from all curious eyes, she curled her lip in a bitter smile, and muttered, hoarsely: "Unwomanly, immodest! Let them taunt me so! They forced me to it."

Then, a few moments later, she had summoned her carriage, and entered it. There was a trifling delay, during which a gentleman followed her, and closed the door behind him. Miss Orme was no coward; but a companion in her drive to her hotel she had neither expected nor desired. Leaning forward, as the carriage passed under the light of a street lamp, she scrutinized the face of the intruder. With a stifled groan, she sank back. The gentleman, if we are to call him such, coolly offered her a smelling-bottle. She noticed neither him nor his attention.

At last, the man broke silence.  
"So, I have found you, after all, Ruth Fenton; and in the last place I had expected. Time goes by turns. I'll have my triumph yet, as you have had yours to-night."

He paused a moment, but she did not answer; then, laughing derisively, went on:

"You have been studying of late, I see, my dear. You are quite perfect in your art."

His cool, contemptuous manner stung the woman into answering:

"Be careful! Ruth Blount has the right upon her side, and will make you rue this heartily."

"Ah! so it's that which rankles. Let me see. Eleanor Orme, Ruth Fenton, Ruth Blount. The first is too sentimental; the last, too matter-of-fact. I rather like *Ruth Fenton* best; and so Ruth Fenton it must be—ay, till your death-day."

He bent over her, and laid a heavy hand upon her arm. She swung it from her as if it burned into her flesh. The carriage stopped before the private entrance of the Hotel. The woman was the quicker of the two; she was out upon the landing before her companion could prevent her; the door opened and closed upon her as if by magic; and the man was left to recover from his surprise alone. He stared at the tightly-closed door, gave a long, low whistle, and strode rapidly down the street.

The next night, and for many nights following, Eleanor Orme kept her engagement punctually. She had never played so well; her impersonation was faultless, and each appearance but added another laurel to those already her own. And each night, also, from behind the curtains of his private box, a dark-browed man kept watch. Never once did his eyes wander from the tragedienne to any other one upon the stage. If she were out of sight, he leaned back and closed his eyes; the moment she reappeared they opened and fastened upon her. If he charmed her into looking that way, the man's dark face lit up with a triumphant smile; the smile deepened into a sardonic grin if ever she faltered or changed color beneath his steady gaze.

By-and-by, rumors of this little by-play began to float about, mingled with strange stories of Miss Orme's difficulty in entering and leaving the theatre; how her steps were continually followed and dogged by a brutish fellow, in a policeman's dress; how she changed hotels and boarding-places almost daily. The occupant of the private box began to attract almost as much attention as the "tragedy queen" herself; conjectures as to whom he might or might not be were frequent and various. The manager—who professed to know all about it, but kept a mysterious silence—rubbed his hands and thought how fine a thing it was to have a little real tragedy mixed with the imitation.

One night, however, he was forced to change his opinion rather suddenly. The orchestra had gone through the overture an unusual number of times; the audience were getting noisily impatient; still no Miss Orme appeared. There was nothing left for the poor gentleman but to explain matters as best he could; as he ended his little speech he glanced significantly toward the empty box on his left. Instantly every eye and every glass in the house was leveled in the same direction. The effect was just what the manager desired, and he congratulated himself on his lucky escape from public disapprobation. Possibly there were a few who left the theatre that night who did not feel as if they had been looking into a neighbor's private parlor, and had had the door shut in their faces.

Where was the actress, and where was the man who watched her? The morning papers were out with a pretty little fiction, under the head of "Strange Disappearance," and working on, from the fact that Miss Orme had left her rooms at her usual hour of going to the theatre, and had been seen within a dozen blocks of that building, substituted a "brutal murder" as a conclusion of the tale. No trace of a murder, however, could be found; and the public were left with the mystery unsolved, mourning, perhaps, the requisite "nine days" over the wonder and the loss of their pet actress.

"Will she live through the night, doctor?" The woman asked the question, warily, pushing away the heavy hair from her temples as if its weight oppressed her.

The kind old man hesitated a little before answering, looking pityingly down upon the little sufferer.

"It is hardly possible, madam; but if she lives through this night, the immediate danger will have passed."

The woman lifted the covering, and looked tenderly upon the tiny, broken, bandaged limbs; looked—until the tenderness faded away, and a glowering, bitter hate settled in her great eyes. "Curse him! curse him!" Dr. Wall shuddered, and buttoned his coat. This was no ordinary woman, who had summoned him the day before; her child's death would have no ordinary grief for her. There was something more; something fierce, and dark, and dread, that lurked behind her manner; something within her past, which had made her strange as she seemed.

"Are you going so soon?" She sprang up and touched his shoulder, pointing anxiously to the little bed.

"I can do nothing more, and there are others who need me."

"But, Lulu may die! I should be alone—afraid!"

"Afraid! madam, of your own child?"

"Yes, yes, my own child—my Lulu, my baby!"

All the mother's agony of grief burst out in that one despairing cry. She sank down by her child, and buried her face in the pillow. Dr. Wall had stood by many a death-bed; he had never witnessed pain so fierce, so life-absorbing, as this. And he pitied her so—not the injured little one, whose life was ebbing surely away, but that young mother, so alone in the desolation of her sorrow. That she should have had husband, brother or friend to stand by her now, he did not stop to think. He bent over the poor, bowed head, and stroked it softly, tenderly, as a father would his child's.

"My poor sufferer, take courage; I will send you some one, that you shall not be alone. And you are not alone now. One is with you who knows all your grief; think that, and trust Him."

She looked up thankfully, took the kind hand between her own, and kissed it reverently. "Bless you," she said; then fixed her eyes with a patient look upon her baby's face, and took up her silent watch.

The little child, whose faint breath scarcely stirred the shining curls which clustered about its face, was not more motionless than she. The old man saw this and went out. Half an hour later, there was a slight tap at the door, and without waiting for a bidding to enter, a woman opened it and came in. "Nurse Miller," she said, by way of explanation. With a quiet look at mother and child she crossed the room, and sat down at some distance from them. The watcher at the bedside bowed, and tried to smile; then turned her face away, jealous of anything which kept her gaze from her Lulu.

The night wore on; the clock of a neighboring church-tower tolled out the hours—"Eleven, twelve;" the nurse sat nodding in her chair, the candle flickered, and the fire burned low; still the mother never moved. "One, two;" there came a change. The dainty eye-lids quivered, opened, and a pair of blue eyes looked out. A sudden up-flinging of the little arms, a strange contortion of the baby-face, a broken cry: "Mamma—Pedro—Mamma!" and all was over. One moan, and the mother's forced strength and calmness gave way; she sank down, unconscious, where she had kept her faithful watch. Nurse Miller sprang to raise her, but was pushed aside, and a man stooped over the unconscious form, raised it in his arms, and carrying it into an inner room, laid it upon a couch.

"Her, first," he said, fiercely, coming back, and pointing to the mother.

The nurse had needed no second bidding; to recover life was better than to care for the dead, and scarcely she noticed, as she entered the inner chamber, that the man, whoever he might be, followed and closed the door upon her. She remembered it, when, having seen her patient restored to apparent consciousness, she came out to perform the accustomed offices for the dead child; she remembered it, when, coming to the little bed, she found only the impress of a baby form. The man was gone, and he had carried away the corpse!

How long she stood wondering, in her surprise, she never knew, but a touch upon her shoulder roused her. She turned her head, to encounter the frightened, searching look of the poor mother's eyes—those "awful eyes," she called them afterward. The two women confronted each other; question and answer hung between them, unspoken, with a tragedy written in that short, fearful gaze.

The touch upon Nurse Miller's shoulder tightened to a clutch; and to the hoarse whisper, "Where?" she faltered out: "The dark-faced man has taken it."

The mother heard the answer; perhaps she knew it before it came. She neither "moaned nor uttered cry;" only the face grew white and rigid, the teeth set, the eye glittering. Then she moved away. Quietly, as if she were preparing for a pleasant walk, she tied on her hat and cloak; quietly she went about the room, and gathered a few trinkets, which had been the child's; with a smile as quiet as it was despairing and unnatural, she bade the nurse good-by. The latter, poor soul, was too bewildered to offer any expostulation. Indeed, she scarcely knew what was done, until she found herself alone, and realized how the mother had gone out in the early morning, half-crazed and unprotected.

Shall I go on and tell you of the wearying search, the fruitless journey, here and there, which that determined and half-frantic mother made before she gained her object, or with one single picture close a life so dark and sad?

The spring flowers had begun to blossom, when, late one afternoon, a woman, travel-soiled and foot-weary, plodded along the highway toward the little village of Norfolk, M—. Between her and the hamlet she was approaching, a country graveyard lay. Pausing to rest for a moment, her eyes fell upon the simple monuments, gleaming in the light of the setting sun. She grew strong again, as she gazed upon it, and passed on rapidly and eagerly. She gained the place, entered it, and began searching, here and there, among the trees, stooping low to read the inscription over each little mound. A sudden turn revealed a spot which had been hidden from her sight before by the thick-growing trees. Back flashed the light to her eye, the color to her cheek, the smile to her lip, as she gazed. There, beside a tiny grave, with his face hidden in his hands, knelt a dark-haired man; sob after sob shook his strong frame, and died off in a wall upon the cool spring air. There was a rustle of a woman's dress, a whisper in his ear. He sprang up and faced the intruder. Ay, face to face, life to life, they had met at last—man and woman, husband and wife. Only a child's grave lay between them.

Slowly the woman's hand upraised.

"A life for a life—the father for his child!"

A flash, a quick report, and Robert Fenton sank lifeless at her feet.

"So am I revenged."

They found her there, the officers of law, beside her dead, quiet and impassive. To their demand she surrendered herself without a murmur. Tried, found guilty by her own confession, and sentenced to death, she lay in her cell waiting execution.

The chaplain came to prepare her as best he could for the solemn fate before her; to him she told a little of her story.

Trained for theatrical life, she had been loved and wooed by a young aristocrat; him she married, and entered his proud family only to be treated with distrust and indignity by all its members. Her child was born, her Lulu; and at last, fearing it would be taken from her, she had deserted her husband and fled with it. He followed, overtook her, and reclaimed the child. Helpless she was, and poor. Money was all-powerful, money would place her beyond her persecutor's reach. So she went upon the stage again.

As a lover, Robert Fenton had not been too proud to woo the beautiful actress, but as his wife, even though she had renounced his name, he vowed she should never live that life. So he followed and tormented her. One night there came a message that the child, whom he had sent into the country with its nurse, for safe hiding, had been fatally injured. "A carriage accident," was all the message explained.

Perhaps a father's love for his child made him thoughtful of the mother, or he might have known her little one's danger was the only thing which could divert Ruth Fenton from her purpose. So he met her with tidings of the accident.

The rest is told—save how the law was cheated of its victim. The morning sun struggled through the prison bars, and they came to make her ready for death. Lo! Death whom they thought to herald, was before them; and only there was left to place the poor worn body in its humble coffin, and to give it the few rites allowed a criminal.

Among the papers of the murdered man was found a marriage certificate, bearing the signatures, "Robert Fenton" and "Ruth Blount;" also a few business letters addressed to Miss Eleanor Orme. So the mystery was solved.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, the voluminous writer on Spiritualism, says that "the spiritual world is made from life-points sent out from the chemical coalition of the planets."

### "LET HER RIP!"

A BABY swaddled in Old-World menace,  
Rocked on the crossing of old feudal steel,  
She spurned the banble of the despot's mace,  
And through stern epochs toothed in war or weal,  
"Let her rip!"

She grew to nationhood, and dared to blunt  
The lion's claws, and spat upon his lust;  
She bore no Old-World type, no borrowed front,  
She stirred no lumber from its noxious dust.  
"Let her rip!"

There came a time when Harlots clapped their hands,  
When, fever-pulsed with war, and sick with slain,  
O'er blasted fields and peace-deserted strands,  
The shadow of her fall grew big again.  
"Let her rip!"

They howled their scorn, they bastardized her birth,  
And all their hate flashed forth from its eclipse;  
She smote them dumb, and shook the blood-stained earth  
With mighty thunders from her grand young lips.  
"Let her rip!"

There came a time when Mercy blanched her brow,  
Ere passion-knit with war, and black with ire,  
And earth stood still, and nations stopped to bow  
Before the art that tempered Right with fire.  
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!" She needs no swaddling bands,  
No kingly craft, no diplomatic swathe:  
The might of Right is scripted in her hands,  
Her heart is throbbing with the pulse of faith.  
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!" No Old-World lore she needs;  
She made her bosom, when her tongue was dumb,  
An arsenal of truths, that wrought to deeds,  
Shall shatter kingdoms in the time to come!  
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!" Beneath her tongue of brag  
Enough of strength her mighty muscle finds  
To split the bosom of the Old-World crag,  
And toss its fragments to the quartered winds.  
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!" Her freedom-welded car  
Before the Future's golden portal waits;  
Lo, velvet-cheeked Peace, rough-shod for war,  
Her God-speed courier stamps without the gates.  
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!"—with iron sandal'd foot  
Tread on the leaven of the Old-World scorn—  
Flow deep, with war-tired wheel, a bloody rat  
From ice-bound pole to desolate Cape Horn.  
"Let her rip!"

Ay! "Let her rip!" When battle-cries shall cease  
To galvanize the corpse of Old-World might,  
That home-made cry shall flood the earth with peace,  
And surge a torrent from the rock of Right.  
"Let her rip!"

### Maggie's Beau.

"It is bitter cold to-night, with sitch a cuttin' wind blowin' and drivin' in a body's face," said Farmer Mayfield, coming into the large kitchen, taking off his great coat, and shaking the flakes of snow therefrom. "Fears to me I'm getting the rheumatiz, or it is awfully cold in here."

The farmer walked slowly to the old fire-place, piled the logs, covered with tufts of gray and emerald moss, together, while the red flames went crackling and roaring up the great chimney. A smile went flickering over the good-natured face, as he spread out his sun-burnt hands to catch the genial warmth. It was a cozy-looking apartment, for all its plainness: a strip of gayly-colored rag-carpet lying before the fire-place; two large rocking-chairs, in one of which his better-half sat, busily engaged in knitting; in the other end of the room a large cupboard, while beside it was a little table, on which was piled a few dainty books, their bright bindings in odd contrast to the plainness of the apartment, the fire casting golden rings of light around the room, tingling it, as the sun does an olden picture.

At last his wife broke the silence; raising her brown eyes to her husband's face, she said:

"Well, Reuben, I suppose Maggie's enjoying herself fine to-night among those grand city folks?"

A smile came into the lips, and danced in the farmer's eyes, as he rubbed his hands gleefully together and replied, quietly:

"Yes, I s'pose so."

"Were you at the post-office, Reuben?"

This time the knitting ceased. There was no reply, only that same quizzical look in the dark eyes.

"Reuben, I say," almost shouted the dame, "were you at the post-office?"

The farmer could restrain himself no longer, and throwing himself back in his chair, burst into a hearty laugh.

"I'd like to know what this means?" said the lady, her voice waxing louder. "But I'll see, sir, I'll see;" suiting the action to the word, she went to the chair where her husband's coat was drying, thrust one hand into a deep pocket, eager to grasp its contents.

The sly farmer was there before her, saying:

"Softly, dear," holding up to her angry gaze a dainty white letter.

"To think, Reuben, that you would treat me so; git a letter from Maggie and never tell me, when I have been almost dyin' to know about that ere weddin'!"



"Just wanted to tease you, mother, a little, that is all," growing quite repentant as he saw her damp eyes, while he patted the still rounded and rosy cheek.

It seemed as if he never would get to that letter; first he drew a table near him, put the large brass candlestick thereon, snuffed the candle, put on his spectacles, warmed his hands, and then rubbed them together, looked at the letter, took his knife out of his pocket, cut it very carefully—for it was a principle of his never to tear a letter open, as he observed to Mrs. Mayfield, "It looked kind of wasteful-like."

All this was very provoking to his good wife, who looked ready to cry, but the brave little woman went quietly on with her knitting. It was evident he enjoyed teasing her, for around the good-humored mouth was lurking a provoking smile.

"Comin', Tabithy, comin'!"

So a small sheet of paper was slowly unfolded. The wife put herself in a listening attitude, laid her knitting down, and was all expectancy.

The farmer coughed, glanced upon the paper as though he was going to read, then, with letter in hand, walked to the fire-place and commenced poking the huge logs that were crackling and blazing there.

"Well, if you ain't the most provokingest man I ever see!" burst from her lips.

With assumed gravity, he began reading:

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—You have not written me; yet, fearing you had forgotten, I write you. I am enjoying myself finely; the wedding is over and we are all discussing it. You know I was first bridesmaid, and Mr. Simonton was my groomsmen. Cousin Grace was beautiful, dressed in white satin, with orange blossoms in her black hair, and her cheeks as rosy as the red apples that grow down by the garden fence. Her white veil almost swept the floor. I never was so delighted at anything in my life. We have been riding and walking around Boston, and I am charmed with the Bostonians. Uncle John and Aunt Bessie are very kind to me, and send their love. I shall be home next week in time for Christmas. From your loving daughter  
"Boston, Dec. 1863. MAGGIE."

"Hum! hum!" went the wife, rocking back and forth. "Maggie was always good at composin'—that is a most beautiful letter."

"It were," repeated the farmer, solemnly, after a pause, folding up the letter and placing it in the envelope. "I 'pose Maggie will be bringing home a city beau."

"Some city fool!" responded his wife, indignantly, "with musty-touchees, a cane, and yaller kid gloves, like the feller that was at Deacon Jayne's last summer."

Maggie Mayfield was the only child; strangely graceful for a girl that had never been ten miles from home until she went to Boston to see Cousin Grace married. A merry, laughing girl, superior in intellect and ability to any about her; the favorite of all the young men for miles around, who admired, and in their admiration did not forget her father's broad acres and waving fields of grain. The old people idolized their lovely daughter; and truly she was a sweet flower.

Well, Maggie came home. It was a bitter cold day—the ground covered with crisp snow—a piercing wind blowing and whistling around the old house—the leafless trees, with their bleak branches swaying to and fro. Desolate and chill looked the world that day. The old stage stopped; the driver reined up his horses, clambered down from his seat, clapped his chilled hands together, drew the red comforter closer to his blue nose, then, with a low bow, extended his hand to Maggie, who, gathering up her bundles, ran quickly over the crisp snow into the great kitchen, and was soon clasped in the arms of her parents.

"To think," said her mother, kissing the cold cheek—"to think of your comin' home this cold day! why, child, how cold you look!" taking the warm scarlet hood, edged with snowy fur, from off the fair oval face, and the warm cloak from off the slight shoulders, and stowing them carefully away in the spare room.

"Maggie can't get warm, mother," spoke the jolly old farmer; "you're in her way."

"Sure enough, Reuben, so I am; why, what can I be thinkin' about?"

"About that city beau, I guess," a twinkle in the great laughing eyes.

A scarlet blush overspread the girl's face, flushing even to the hair, and dying away in a crimson spot on either cheek.

"Why, has anybody been here?" was the eager question.

"No, no, Maggie—only old Mrs. Flinn, come for some of those yellow-streaked apples."

The girl laughed—a rippling, musical laugh, like water-drops as they fall over golden-tinted shells. A week later, one beautiful star-lit night, when the stars, like so many spirit-worlds, looked down upon the old homestead, sheltered by the quaint, leafless trees, Maggie bustled to and fro in the spare-room, building a fire in the dark fireplace, making the red flames cast fantastic shadows on the white wall, while her hands were busy fixing two large yellow candlesticks on the mantel-piece—an old heirloom, highly prized by its present possessor; then two curiously-carved shells were brought from their hiding-place and laid on a mat of strangely-wrought wool, a relic of her Boston visit; then she pulled the stiff-looking cane-bottomed chairs away from the wall; placed a large tidy of snowy-white over the back of the wooden settee; put some twining sprigs of green over the looking-glass; then stepped back with a pleased expression, as she surveyed the neatly-arranged apartment, and hastened away to array herself. She looked exceedingly pretty as, half an hour later, she came into the kitchen, her neatly-fitting crimson morino displaying the fine figure, the dark wavy hair rolled off the white forehead, and some scarlet flowers twined 'mid the dark curls. Certainly very pretty she was, "looking just like a picture," as the farmer said, approvingly, to his wife, who nodded assent, while she

went on paring the great red apples, the pride of Reuben Mayfield's orchard.

It may be that you wonder what was on the tapis. Nothing more than, upon this Thursday night, Mr. John Charles Simonton, her particular escort while in Boston—at least so the perfumed note he had sent her said—was going to call. An event of great importance in the eyes of its young mistress.

"Now, Maggie," said her mother, laying down one of the aforesaid apples, "you must be very polite, and don't say anything unless he talks to you; that's the way I did when Reuben used to go to see me."

"Pears now, to me, it was just the other way, mother; you did the talkin', and I said 'Yes' and 'No!' with a sly glance at his wife."

The girl fairly shrieked with delight, her eyes dancing with pleasure at her mother's confusion and the unexpected *dénouement*.

"Aren't you ashamed, Reuben, puttin' sich notions in Maggie's head?"

"Maggie has sense—Maggie has sense!" was the answer (an article, we would observe, very scarce now-a-days, but none the less valuable for that).

Well, she waited and waited. He surely would come by six, these long winter nights. Seven—eight—nine—chimed the old clock, as she lifted the white curtains and peered out into the beautiful star-light. The brown eyes were full of tears at the thought of her disappointment. Her mother was tired; she had worked hard all day:

"Nobody would come that time of night—time when decent folks ought to be in bed."

She would lie down on the settee, among the cushions, as she felt "kinder tired-like."

"My angel, my love!" spoke a low voice, in the dimly-lighted room. "How do you do-ah? It is cold-ah—to-night-ah."

The farmer's wife raised herself slowly from her recumbent posture, scarcely knowing whether she had been dreaming or not.

"I have missed you my love-ah!" said the oily voice. "It has-ah—"

"You young whipper-snapper," shrieked the now indignant female, her eyes fairly blazing.

"What do you mean, making love to a decent woman? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Reuben! Reuben!" the voice waxing louder, and the face growing very red, as she shouted loudly, "Reuben!" again and again.

"Beg pardon," said the confused dandy, bowing low, his face scarlet with mortification and rage.

"I have made a mistake-ah; I supposed-ah you were Miss Mayfield-ah."

"Good gracious! to think that I—to think—why, can it be—why—"

"Why, mother, what is the matter?" asked the farmer, kindly, as he and Maggie, looking very much excited, appeared upon the scene.

The good woman was speechless, as she stood pointing to the tall, fashionable-looking man, who stood surveying her with the most intense disgust.

"Good evening, Miss Maggie," he said, confusedly. "I have made an awkward mistake-ah; I believe-ah—"

"Why, Mr. Simonton—why, how—why, what is the matter?"

"That woman!" pointing with an imperious wave of the white, jeweled hand, "has been-ah insulting me-ah!"

"That woman!—excuse me—it was my mother."

Maggie looked around, but the pair had vanished.

"Your mother-ah; quite a funny mistake—ha! ha! Candlers are not-ah very favorable to recognizing people-ah. In Boston-ah, we have got gas-ah, another wave of the diamond ringed hand.

"Do you like it here-ah? No society here, no scenery here-ah! I should think you would find it dull-ah!"

Maggie had scarcely recovered her self-possession, so she only answered quietly: "That her home was very dear to her."

Conversation lagged. The dandy's eyes roved around the room, noted the tidy, the wooden settee, the huge candlesticks, and smiled as he saw the green vine twisted around the looking-glass, then twined his incipient mustache, and said:

"I believe I must depart-ah! My hat-ah—where did I leave it?"

His chapeau, during the *melee*, had been dropped, and was found tightly wedged in between the settee and wall, which, after a slight exertion (?) was recovered, slightly the worse for wear.

The crest-fallen dandy could scarcely conceal his rage and mortification as he bowed a low "Good-evening-ah," and went out into the cold, frosty air. She heard the latch of the old gate open, the merry tinkle of the sleigh-bells; heard the prancing horses as he drove quickly away, then went up to her room, laid her head down, and had a good cry.

"Poor Maggie." A rough hand was passed over the glossy hair, while a kindly voice said:

"Well, 'spose I was to blame. I let him in and went to hunt for you; found you asleep by the fire; ought to have told your mother fast, 'spose. Wouldn't worry, anyhow. Your mother won't git over it in a year," and the brown hand was passed caressingly over the lovely face. Maggie paused, rubbed her face, then, as the indelicacy of the thing dawned upon her, burst into a merry laugh.

Mr. John Charles Simonton never repeated his call, and Maggie never again heard of her beau.

A SERVANT girl was erroneously convicted in Holland of robbing her master; the property was found locked up in her box; her mistress had placed it there. She was flogged, brand marked, and confined to hard labor in the reep-house. Whilst she was suffering her sentence, the guilt of her mistress was discovered. The mistress was prosecuted, condemned to the severest scourging, a double brand and hard labor for life. The sentence was reversed, and a heavy fine inflicted on the tribunal and given to the innocent sufferer as an indemnification.

## THE BRIDE'S DEATH.

There is a little flower which grows wild, or with little care, in the gardens of southern France, which the country folks call by a name which is best interpreted, "The Bride's Death."

It is a little, blue, frail innocent-thing. Yet, if you ask the reason of its name, any peasant girl in Languedoc will tell you the same story.

There lived, within sight of the Rhone, years ago, an old chemist and his daughter. He was a German by birth, but had married a Frenchwoman, and since that day dwelt in her native land. His name was Werner. His daughter's, Antoinette.

She was a very handsome girl, and since her mother's early death had been the ministering spirit of her old father's humble dwelling, and was loved by him very fondly.

She had a singular disposition, generally merry and good-humored, but when aroused to anger utterly unappeasable, until she had in some way punished the offender, and with her a quarrel was never made up with tears and kisses, as with other girls. It was a lucky thing that she quarreled very rarely.

Being beautiful, and, in peasant's eyes, an heiress of some importance, even the dread which was generally entertained of old Werner, on account of his mysterious chemist lore, did not keep suitors from the door.

But Antoinette looked coldly on all the sterner sex, until one autumn morning the young Marquis of Grenoble was brought by fate to break his arm at Chemist Werner's door, and to be nursed back to health and strength by the old man, who was as cunning a leech as any in all Languedoc.

It had been a dangerous illness, owing partly to the heat of the weather and the fact that the young marquis had been drinking much more wine than was good for him, and the recovery was quite a miracle.

The youth was properly grateful, and would have rewarded the old man with money and costly gifts.

These being declined, he bestowed upon the chemist and his daughter his friendship, and became a regular visitor at their little home.

Soon he declared to Antoinette that he was miserable save in her presence, and that she possessed not only his friendship but his heart.

She was a warm-hearted, passionate creature, and after his avowal of love, every day found the handsome marquis dearest to her.

For his sake she decked herself in holiday attire, for his sake braided the splendid black hair that glittered like jet in the sunshine.

Nothing she did but was done with a thought of him, and in view of her high position as his wife, she forsook her old companions, and took to studying the speech and manners of those above her, until the little peasant vulgarities into which she had fallen were quite unlearned.

The girls of her village were sorely vexed by this, and many a slanderous word was spoken—many a taunting glance given toward the chemist's beautiful daughter as she passed the cottage doors.

Antoinette knew of them all, but she thought of her triumph when she should be at last *Madame la Marquise*, and held her peace.

It was enough for her that young Grenoble held her brown hand so tenderly in their secret embraces by moonlight, and said such flattering things of her beauty and her goodness.

She trusted him as she would have trusted an angel, but, alas! young Grenoble was only a very faulty mortal.

At last his visits to the cottage became rarer; finally they ceased; and Antoinette, horror-stricken, heard a rumor that he was about to marry a beautiful young lady of his own rank within the next month.

She wept and trembled, but refused to believe, and finally sought an interview with the young marquis.

She met him on the road near his chateau, and he paused, confused but defiant, to confront her.

"This is not true they tell me?" panted Antoinette. "You are not betrothed to that blue-eyed lady? You love no one but me, as you have so often told me? They are slandering you—they are not, Grenoble?"

And she looked up into his eyes lovingly.

The youth put his arm round her waist.

"If they say I have ceased to love you, they lie," he said. "To be sure, my family insist that I shall marry *Mademoiselle Amande*; but what of that? I have still another chateau, and you and I may yet be friends."

And he kissed her.

Antoinette let him do it; she made no indignant protests, only from her black eyes glittered seething lightning.

In a moment more she made him a courtesy and turned from him. What she thought he could not guess.

She said not one word. Perhaps he thought little of her, for his wedding-day drew near, and his young bride engrossed his thoughts.

It came at last, as sunny and beautiful a morning as ever smiled on France, and every one in the village crowded toward the church to witness the ceremony, and the women all wondering maliciously what Antoinette would do now.

For the girl herself, she arose at dawn, dressed herself in her scarlet bodice and gold cross and ear-rings, and went out beside the river.

It was early spring, and only those pale, blue, tiny flowers were yet in bloom. Of these she plucked a fragrant handful, and carried them into her father's laboratory.

She remained there an hour; then, with her bouquet, took her place at the church porch, to await the coming of the bridal party.

They came at last. And when the bride, in her white veil, crossed the porch, Antoinette stepped forward:

"Wear these, gentle lady," she said. "One bestows them who has loved also."

And she put the flowers into the bride's fingers. The lady received them with a smile, and they were in her bosom when she knelt at the altar. She had never heard of Antoinette, and the gift and the speech pleased her. Besides, at that day the flowers had never been called "Bride's Death," but only "Bride's Beauty."

The ceremony went on—the holy words were uttered. It was time for the bride to rise, but she did not move.

The priest spoke to her in vain. The bridegroom bent over her.

"She has fainted!" he cried, and the group of friends pressed about the beautiful girl.

They lifted her and bore her to the air. Alas! she had not fainted. She was dead!

The consternation was great. The excitement spread to the peasants at the porch. They who knew the story of Antoinette's slighted love began to speak of the flowers. Until then they had lain in the dead bride's bosom.

Now a celebrated physician stepped forward to remove them. As he did so, a strange, subtle aroma struck his senses, and he flung them from him.

"They are poisoned!" he cried. "The bouquet has murdered her! It is an art the Germans understand. Arrest the woman who gave them to her!"

Search was made for Antoinette, but she had vanished; and when the gens-d'armes sought her cottage, it was empty.

The chemist and his daughter were never seen again, but from that hour the pale blue flower, which is the first to bloom beside the Rhone, was called no longer "Bride's Beauty," but "Bride's Death;" and it would be deemed an omen of the greatest ill should the least bud or blossom be found among the flowers bestowed upon a bride in Languedoc.

## THE PAINTER'S DREAM.

"I DREAMT," said Sir Godfrey Kneller to Pope, "that I was dead, and soon after found myself walking in a narrow path that led up between two hills, rising pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw a door, and a great number of people crowding round it. I walked on toward them. As I drew nearer, I could distinguish St. Peter by his keys, with some others of the apostles. They were admitting the people as they reached the door. When I had joined the company I could see several seats in every direction at a little distance within the entrance. As the first person approached for admittance, St. Peter asked him his name, and then his religion. 'I am a Roman Catholic,' replied the spirit, 'Go in, then,' said St. Peter, 'and sit down on those seats there on the right hand.' The next was a Presbyterian. He was admitted, too, after the usual questions, and ordered to take his place opposite to the other. My turn came next, and as I approached, St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so, than St. Luke, who was standing by, turned toward me, and exclaimed, with much sweetness: 'What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, from England?' 'The very same, sir,' says I, 'at your service.' On this, St. Luke immediately drew near to me, embraced me, and said to a great many compliments on the art we both of us followed in this world. He entered so far on the subject, that he seemed almost to have forgotten the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself, and said: 'I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey; I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you. But, *adieu*, pray, sir, what religion may you be of?' 'Why, truly, sir,' says I, 'I am of no particular religion.' 'Oh, sir,' says he, 'you will be so good, then, as to walk in and take your seat where you please.' We may remark here that this story has been told on David Hume and others who came within the same category of careless religionists. But we believe the above to be the original version.

**RESULTS OF MODERATION IN DIET.**—Health and longevity are not the only result of moderation in diet. Its influence is far from being limited to the body; its effect on the mind is still more important. Julius Caesar, constitutionally addicted to excess, when resolved on some great exploit, was accustomed to diminish his diet to an extent truly marvelous, and to this diminution he ascribed the clearness and energy of mind which distinguished him in the hour of battle. When extraordinary mental vigor was desired by the first Napoleon, he used the same means to attain it. To his rarely-equalled moderation in diet Dr. Franklin ascribed his "clearness of ideas" and "quickness of perception," and considered his progress in study proportionate to the degree of temperance which he practiced. While Sir Isaac Newton was composing his "Treatise on Optics" he confined himself to bread and a little milk and water. Scarcely less rigid was the abstinence of Leibnitz, when preparing some parts of his "Universal Language." D'Aubigne relates of Luther, on the authority of Melancthon, that "a little bread and a single herring were often his only food for a day. Indeed he was constitutionally abstemious; and even after he had found out that heaven was not to be purchased by abstinence, he often contented himself with the poorest food, and would continue for a considerable time without eating or drinking." Dr. Cheyne, a celebrated physician, reduced himself from the enormous weight of 480 lbs. to 140 lbs. by confining himself to a limited quantity of vegetables, milk, and water, as his only food and drink. The result was a restoration of health and of mental vigor, and amid professional and literary labors, uninterrupted health and protracted life. An eminent man once made the remark, "that nobody ever repented of having eaten too little."

**COLORED STARCH** is the latest and greatest novelty of the season. It is made in pink, buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green, and blue will soon be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely colored—dyed we should have said, but as it washes out, and the garment that was pink to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterward, we can hardly say "dyed." It is intended especially for those bright but treacherously-colored muslins that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been mauve, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be rendered once even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish.

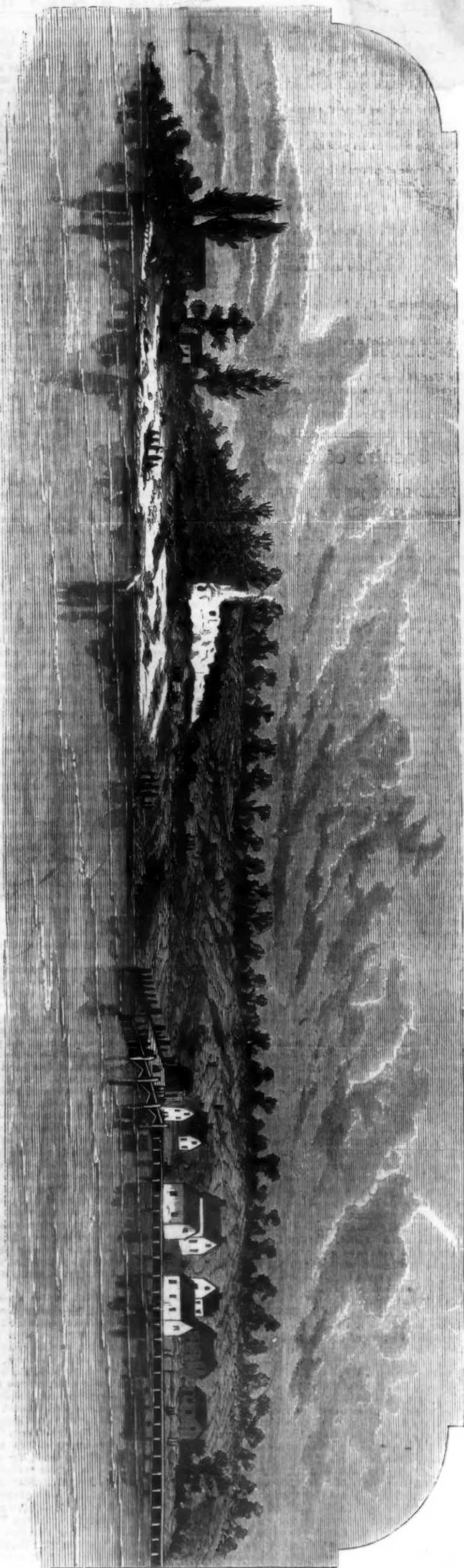
The latest "sensation" in England is the *Euphorbia corollata*, a gigantic radish, from Java, and which is found to grow well in the island gardens. The seeds germinate easily, and the plants produce a profusion of blossom in about eight weeks, often making a growth of five or six inches in 24 hours. The root is not eaten, only the pods, which often attain a length of three feet. The plants should be tied upright, as they produce from 15 to 20 pods each, growing in fantastic and irregular shapes. Eaten raw, the radishes has much the flavor of the most delicate radish, and is a great addition to a salad. When boiled, it is served up on a toast like asparagus, which it resembles in flavor, but with a dash of the taste of early green peas added. The pods also make a good pickle. The seeds are sold at the rate of three for half-a-guinea, and seven for a guinea.





THE FENIAN INVASION—THE BATTLE OF LIMESTONE RIDGE, FOUGHT JUNE 3, BETWEEN THE FENIANS, UNDER COL. O'NEIL, AND THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS, COMMANDED BY COL. BOOKER.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. HORN.—SEE PAGE 213.

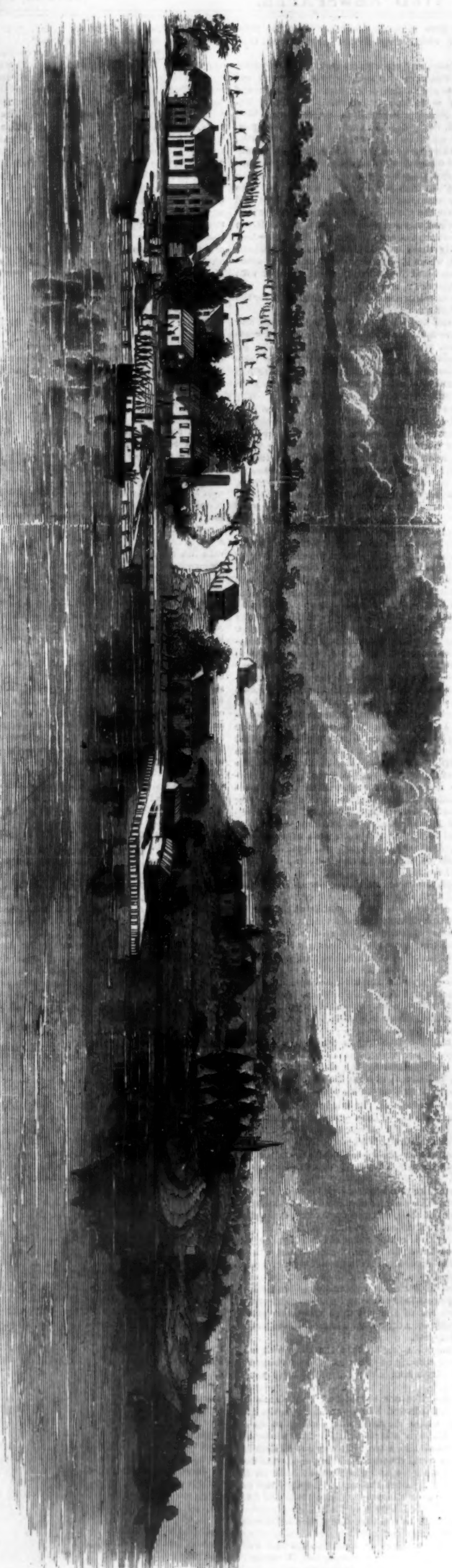




Remains of old Fort Erie, where the Fenian flag was first raised.

A PORTION OF THE VILLAGE OF FORT ERIE, CANADA.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES E. HORN.

International Ferry dock.



Fenian force from Michigan.

Canadian Volunteers.

Tug "Robb."

Old Tavern, used as prison and hospital.

Fenian Camp on the hill.

Battle Point.

BATTLE AT WATERLOO FERRY, BETWEEN A FENIAN FORCE AND A COMPANY OF CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS LANDED FROM THE TUG "ROBB."—SKETCHED BY CHARLES E. HORN.



## THE LAST MEETING.

On the topmost branch of a blasted pine  
A raven sits in the dusk alone,  
With eye intent on the tossing brine  
And something white by the wave upthrown.

The tide comes creeping along the strand—  
The raven crows through the shadowy night—  
While higher it drifts on the silvery sand,  
And stonier gleams in the pale moonlight.

There's a shimmer of golden hair, and a face  
That seems, 'neath the passing ripples to smile,  
The white hand stirs with a tremulous grace,  
And the calm eyes open and shut the while.

Time whirls away; 'tis the noon of night—  
A wanderer roams on the lonely strand—  
He pauses and looks; 'tis a fearsome sight;  
Then he touches the brow and the snow-white hand.

That face, he knew it—that delicate form  
He had known and loved when his life was  
blest;  
Like a thief he had rifled its virgin charm,  
Then flung it away like a worthless post.

From the blasted pine bath the raven gone,  
No more by the waves in that white hand tost;  
But a grave was made at the morning's dawn,  
And tears were shed for the loved and lost.

## The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

## THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &amp;c. &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XVI.—A NIGHT OF STORM.

"RAYMOND, dear, do you know I don't like that man?" said Mildred, earnestly, as they sought the shelter of their little cottage.

"Yes, I do know it, my love," returned her husband, laughing. "You looked at him, when he frightened little Milly with his ugly face, very much as you would look at an ogre sharpening his teeth before a baby-feast. He is, however, only one of those uncomfortable persons who take even their pleasures sadly. It is only charitable to suppose that there is something really estimable lying deep hid within such undemonstrative folks, which would exhibit itself, if an opportunity of sufficient magnitude should occur. Under ordinary circumstances, they certainly appear morose and disagreeable enough. But it is the poor lieutenant who has cause to complain rather than we. A couple of walks with this Mr. Stevens is the limit of our self-sacrifice; but to have such a wet blanket for a guest in one's own house, in weather like this, with the idea, too, which Carey has got hold of, that he is a coast-guard inspector in disguise—why, with all his seaman's superstitions, I should think he would consider Friday next, which rides him of his friend, a lucky day."

"But Mrs. Carey doesn't think he is an inspector," observed Mildred, thoughtfully.

"Well, I hope not," laughed Raymond, "for I never saw her behave so frigidly to anybody since that scoundrel, Lieutenant Topsell, threw the poor, half-drowned Newfoundland back into the surf last winter, and she declined to sit down to dinner with him. What does she think about this Stevens?"

"She scarcely knows what to think; but she has a half-suspicion that, instead of his being a coast-guard official, he is upon quite the other side. The landlord of the Crown is an obliging person, and stands very well with the lieutenant, but, as she thinks, without much reason. He has endeavored to show himself a friend to the revenue upon more than one occasion; but his informations are always laid a little late. At the present time, it seems the Lucky Bay people have received a hint from other quarters that 'a run' is to be soon attempted upon a large scale, and, of course, if this be so, a spy such as Stevens in the enemy's camp would be invaluable."

"I should have thought Mrs. Carey was too sensible a woman to entertain such far-fetched apprehensions," answered Raymond, carelessly; "but whether this gentleman be coast-guardman or smuggler is no concern of ours, but of the revenue. So long as we are in these parts, I have made up my mind to mix myself up with neither side. We have never bought a yard of lace or a bottle of brandy since we have been here, although I doubt if those commodities are to be got anywhere else so cheap as in this hamlet of Sandby; upon the other hand, it is not my business to tell Carey that Simon Reeves has got a cellar under his hearthstone, or that Walter Dickson's boat has a false bottom. That was the new parson's great mistake here, and which has entirely destroyed his usefulness. A priest of our religion would have been more adroit. And yet, to find himself blocked out of his own pulpit, on the very first Sunday, by kags of *sau de vie*? Can't you fancy old Reeves explaining in a whisper, from the clerk's desk, beneath, that there was really nowhere else to put them for a day or two, and requesting his reverence to preach from where he was, instead of shifting?" Raymond roared with laughter at the picture he was thus drawing of a circumstance that had actually occurred but lately in the parish church; but Mildred scarcely smiled. Again and again, her husband rallied her upon her silence and melancholy; and at dinner, when he toasted her lovingly in a full bumper, and made her drink a glass herself to the health of little Milly, she did contrive to cast them off for a while; but afterward, as the evening drew on, and the storm increased, her vague forebodings once more seemed to take possession of her, and after one or two attempts to win her to cheerful talk, Raymond himself grew silent.

Conversation, however, was by that time ren-

dered almost impossible by the violence of the rain, pattering against the windows, and beating with monotonous thud upon the straw-thatched roof. After they had retired to rest, and Raymond had fallen asleep, and the waxen lids of the little child in the cot by her side were closed in slumber, Mildred lay wide awake, consumed with shadowy fears. To be in the same room with one who sleeps, is, in some respects, to be more lonely than if quite companionless. There is something awful in the thought, that though the body is there, the soul of our companion is probably far away; that the reins of his own being are out of his control; that he is separated from us, and even from himself, as thoroughly, for the time, as though he were dead. The quiet breathing may indeed assure us that he lives: but the shut eyes and motionless limbs irresistibly remind us of that time when those eyes will never open to gladden us more, or those lips bless us with gracious speech—when we shall be alone indeed, and all the sympathy that man can heap upon us will not avail to fill up the aching void in our hearts by ever so little, and when the best comfort that God himself can give us—or so it seems to our poor stricken souls—is to let us die, too. I doubt if it is usual for even the most worldly-minded—the merest slave of scrip and share—to weave, under such circumstances, the same gross web of contrivance that solely usurps his thought by day. He does not surely lie on his sleepless pillow while his true wife slumbers by his side, calculating still, like some horizontal triumph of Professor Babbage, without one thought of Him who made him and the hushed world rotating without, and the stars which no accountant can number.

At all events, such was always a solemn time to Mildred Clifford, and would have been solemn now had it not been terrible. The world was far from hushed, nor were the stars shining. The elements were at deadly strife, as we mortals say, when rain and wind are only fulfilling His word; and except that the forces employed were far more prodigious, it was wonderfully like a battle among men. There were pauses when the powers of the storm seemed gathering themselves together as after a repulse, only to make a more tremendous onset. Then the skirmishers—the sharp, thin, driving rain—were pushed forward in countless thousands, and the tempest came rolling up behind them, column upon column, while the heavy guns thundered ceaselessly—the awful diapason of the sea! Then, again, at the bidding of some solitary blast, which might well be taken for a trumpet sounding the recall, the legions of the air would grudgingly retire, and gather together as before.

Mildred was no coward; but oppressed as she now was by premonitions of evil, the viewless war that was raging without appeared to have some affinity with the vague dangers that seemed to threaten her and hers. Mechanically she stretched her arm over her unconscious child, as though to protect her from some imaginary foe. If heaven should see fit to take her husband from her, what would become of their child? She might not herself die—as she would wish to do—having that sacred trust, the guardianship of the little Milly, committed to her; but how should she be able to fulfill it? It was not the apprehension of poverty, the fear of being unable, in such a case, alone to support the child, which struck a chill to her mother-heart; but the sense, should Raymond be removed, of the utter defenselessness of their position, and of the unswerving resolution of their mortal enemy.

During the first year of her marriage, and while her husband was all in all to her, she was not thus troubled. From what she knew, indeed, of the implacable disposition of her aunt, she was well aware that the endeavors to discover their whereabouts never flagged, and that when found, some terrible vengeance would be attempted, and perhaps perpetrated. Still—suppose the very worst that could happen—suppose they slew her Raymond—well, let them slay her also. It would not be difficult for one like her to die, having nothing left to live for. But now, with little Milly, although Raymond was no dearer to her than before—for that he could not be—yet how infinitely more precious was his life. Even this deep sleep of his filled her with the sense of separation. How would she feel, then, when he should in reality have left her. She did not venture to picture the loss of him, though a sudden shrinking of the heart told her that such a thought had passed unbidden athwart her brain; but how would she feel to-morrow, when he would in reality be absent? How would she feel in such another night of storm, when there should be no protector beside her, whom she could wake with a touch, as now, and cry: "Raymond, I fear;" and straight be comforted?

Her husband had never left her for a single night before. She dreaded his absence beyond measure, although she could not explain her fears even to herself. The expectation of it had thrown a shadow upon her life ever since she had heard of his intention of going to Marmouth, and had even saddened, as we have seen, the anniversary of their marriage-day. Ay, it was now two years since she had escaped from that dread slavery—from the woman who had claimed her very heart to dispose of as her own—and began to breathe an atmosphere of liberty and love. For two years, her former taskmistress had been foiled in her schemes of vengeance, for that schemes she had had as certain as that the thunder-cloud holds the lightning. But was it always to be so? Was not this present happiness too great to be enjoyed, notwithstanding that it was thus marred by her fears? Would not those fears be one day realized? And at what time was this more likely to take place than when Raymond and she were temporarily separated? Upon whom would the blow first fall?

An intermission longer than usual was taking place in the elemental war without; mutterings only were to be heard, as though the powers of

the air were counseling together as to the point against which they should next direct their fury.

Suddenly, and yet with the naturalness peculiar to the situation—for nothing that occurs to our minds at such a time seems strange or to demand inquiry as to how it got there—suddenly, Mildred's thoughts reverted to Mr. Stevens. Why did Mrs. Carey dislike him so? A good woman, if ever there was one, was the lieutenant's wife, sincere and pure; and with a marvelous faculty for discernment of character, which the pure sometimes possess—even the simplest, such as children—as though the crystal soul shrank from gross contact, as the Venice glass shrinks and proclaims the presence of the poison. As for herself, Mildred was aware of the want of foundation in her own suspicions; she suspected every stranger of boding them no good. That very Lieutenant Topsell, whom Raymond had spoken of that afternoon, she had identified in some manner with their enemies; and indeed his merciless and brutal character seemed to have fitted him for the ally of her she feared.

But she had been mistaken in that case, and had done the poor wretch wrong, who had since then met with his end, and not discredibly for that matter, fighting against overwhelming odds in his lawful calling. But this Stevens, who had given no evidence of an evil disposition, why did she shrink from him, in spite of herself? Why had she shuddered to see his cold gray eyes riveted upon Raymond? and why did the threatened absence of her husband on the morrow seem to lower more menacingly, because he was to be accompanied by this man upon some portion of the way? She had no fear but that her Raymond was a match, and more than a match, for him, but his very strength and courage made him careless and unsuspecting; and, besides, what could the strongest arm avail against a deadly weapon?

While her mind indulged itself with this ghastly apprehension, she was by no means insensible of the extreme improbability of the event her imagination thus foreshadowed; but the idea grew upon her nevertheless, until she had made up her mind to send Mrs. Carey a private note in the morning to entreat that the lieutenant would accompany his guest in the proposed excursion. She knew that the wife would sympathize with her terrors—doubtless unreasonable though they must seem to her, who knew nothing of the Heppburns' former history—and she knew that the gallant coast-guardsmen would run the risk of losing promotion to a line-of-battle ship, no matter how imminent it might seem, rather than let her suffer the heart-ache. As for meeting Mr. Stevens herself in the Mermaid Cave, on the ensuing afternoon, that might be considered afterward; sufficient for the next day was the possible evil thereof. In the meantime, she had mentally arranged for Raymond's safety. Thus relieved from her more immediate fear, and the rain and wind keeping an armed truce, if not subsiding, tardy sleep touched her eyelids, as it had long ago sealed those of the other two occupants of that little room. Mildred's spirit, too, was freed from the trammels of the flesh, and roamed, only God knows how, through space and time. How long she slept, a minute or an hour, she could not tell, but she awoke with a spasm of terror, amid the raging of such a tempest as made what had preceded it seem but as the light winds that diversify the calms of summer. Were her companions drugged, that they slept through it? She took the child into bed with her, and hugged it close, as though in fear that the whirling eddies which thundered down the chimney, and made the night-lamp flicker and flare, should snatch her from her side. Was that a step upon the balcony outside—close outside their very chamber-room window? or a falling brick? or a—"Raymond, Raymond, they are breaking in the house-door!" at the top of her voice, she shrieked, while she shook her husband by the shoulder. The next instant he had leaped from the bed, and snatched something from beneath his pillow.

"Let them beware," he cried; "their blood be upon their head." Then pressing his left hand to his forehead, he added, more calmly: "I am not myself, Mildred. Did you call?"

"They are in the house," said she; "do you not hear them? They have torn the door off its hinges."

"I hear the rain beating and the wind roaring, Mildred. The door must have been blown in. I must get it shut, and put up the bar, or we shall have the roof lifted off our heads."

Putting on some garments hastily, he was about to leave the room, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. Mildred, ashy pale, and in dressing-gown, with the still sleeping child clutched in her arms, was standing beside him, making signs that she would go, too. Terror had deprived her of the power to raise her voice to the pitch necessary to make herself heard in that great tempest.

"I am not going to take the lamp with me," cried he, smiling at the tone he was obliged to use. "Never fear, love; I shall not leave you in the dark."

But she, like one stone deaf, only shook her head, and followed him down stairs to the little passage where the wind was pouring in like a deluge through a broken dike. The whole cottage rocked like a tree. It was not so dark but that they could see what had happened—the door was off its hinges, and was jammed back on the wrong side against the wall. Through the gap could be seen the steady light from the little Pharos above Lucky Bay; a cheering sight to Mildred, glad to feel that there were fellow-creatures there, up and about their usual task, and even counteracting to some extent the awful effects of the storm; perhaps, too, it reminded her of that Eye which, although we may not care to look for it in fair weather, watches us always, and in the storms of life, beacons us to heaven, and in the night of death is a star of hope.

"Hold this, dear Mildred; nay, your hand shakes; let me leave it on this step."

Raymond put down the thing he carried, and shouldering the weapon, while his wife watched him from behind the angle, advanced step by step. Twice he essayed to heave the house-door into its proper position, and twice was borne back with it against the wall and bruised. The third time, taking advantage of a moment's lull, a lucid interval in the mad fury of the storm, he managed to close the door, and put the bar up. Then they went over the little house, seeing that all was safe. The cook and housemaid were sitting up in their respective beds, with their night-caps tucked behind their ears, as though the storm was an oratorio of which they would not have missed a note upon any account, but both in tears. Mildred affected to laugh at their fears, and endeavored to reassure them; but when she once sought her own couch it was not to sleep. A new and totally unexpected cause of apprehension had now taken possession of her mind.

Why, for the first time during their married life, did her husband sleep with a loaded pistol under his pillow? Was he, too, beset by a presentiment of imminent peril, or was he cognizant of some real danger, the nature of which he was concealing from her? Mildred did not dare to ask him the question, for very dread of what might be the reply.

## CHAPTER XVII.—INTERCEPTED.

PALE and haggard from her almost sleepless night, arose Mildred Heppburn, and wrote her note in secret and dispatched it to the coast-guard station by a trusty hand. The elements which had denied her rest were now at amity. The rain was over and gone, the winds were whistling carelessly enough their favorite tune, "Over the Hills and Far Away," and the dark clouds, scattered and bleached, were hurrying over a bright blue sky. Even the sea wore a smile upon its lips, still white with wrath, and strove to look as though its great green waves were only at play, which were tossing about for leagues upon their crests the fragments of men's floating homes, and not far down their drowned and mangled limbs. There are storms of course in day-time, but the Wind loves the Night, and under her black wing more often works its malice than in the day. The sunshine, like a healthy public opinion among men, seems somewhat to restrain it. Upon this April morning, at all events, it showed no trace of malign fury, but seemed to delight in practical jokes, such as whirling the white pigeons of Sandby Farm (which considered itself inland) in twice as many circles as their own spiral habits would have suggested, and so bewildering them with the speed thereof that they scarcely knew themselves from gulls; also, meeting with the round hat of Mr. Walter Dickson, mariner, stuck on merely, as it seemed, by capillary attraction to the extreme back of his head, it tossed it hither and thither, and "skied" it, and rolled it, and "chived" it like a good-natured mob at a fair, and not like a blood-thirsty rabble greedy for rapine and murder, as had been its behavior but a few hours before.

Nevertheless, these high-spirited proceedings of the zephyrs were far from relished by Mr. Dickson, not too well pleased, in the first place, with his appointment of special messenger to Mrs. Heppburn, since it involved his visiting the coast-guard station. He would have done anything in the world for her, and indeed he was doing even this; but it is impossible for any gentleman who trades in lace and owns a vessel with a false bottom to perform service with cheerfulness which brings him into personal contact with the guardians of the revenue. No one with any feeling would select from among all his acquaintances a notorious pickpocket, or even a receiver of stolen goods, to go on an errand for him to the sitting magistrate at Bow street; nor would Mrs. Heppburn have employed Walter Dickson on this particular mission if she could have helped it. But, in the first place, he was her nearest neighbor, and there was no time to spare, since Mr. Stevens was expected very early; and in the next place, the objection of being connected, openly or secretly, with the contraband trade, lay against every man, woman and child in Sandby, who looked upon French brandy and Brussels lace as productions of their own labor, and upon a coast-guardsmen as the interloping foreigner. The high tariff of import duties in those days was certainly an example of a law but for which many men would have been free from sin; like the game-laws of to-day, it begat, as its immediate effects, treacheries, blood-shedding, murders, as well as indirectly producing a general lawlessness—a hatred of all laws as tyrannies. The ill-feeling thus engendered between the governed and their governors manifested itself with greatest intensity, of course, in its first stage; that is, between the actual violators of the obnoxious law and the parties whose duty it was to uphold it. A smuggler would behave toward a coast-guardsmen as he would behave to nobody else who was his enemy. Sandby men, who had wives and children of their own, to whom they hoped God would be merciful, by preserving to them their breadwinner, had made women widows and children orphans in that small colony at Lucky Bay before now with but small scruple. Even on a windy night it was not probable that a blue-jacket, so used to the cliff as Robert Deans, for instance, should have been blown over it, which happened in January last, during a dead calm, and, by a curious coincidence, on the very night when a large cargo was known to have been run within half a mile of the spot; or, even granting so much, out of an abundant charity, William Boyce, another guardian of the revenue, could scarcely have dug that pit on the sea-shore for himself, in which he was found dead one winter's morning, with only his head above the shingle.

Nor is it to be supposed that all the cruelty was exercised upon one side. There were men at Lucky Bay ready to slash with their cutlasses upon very



alight provocation, and who looked upon a Guernsey shirt as a very pretty mark for a pistol-bullet. Worst of all, perhaps, informers infested the neighborhood, and sowed suspicion everywhere, making bad blood, even, where it should have flowed most purely in the veins of kinsmen. Writers who are not practically acquainted with troubles of this sort, generally fall into the error, when describing them, that, notwithstanding all crimes or vices which may be generated by such a state of things, the courtesies of life, the ordinary relations of man and man, go on pretty much the same as under more favorable circumstances. But this is far from being the case. No war is carried on with that distinguished politeness which it presents in the cream-laid pages of the historian, and civil war least of all. When coast-guardsmen and smuggler met one another in the neighborhood, incidentally and during what I may call the intervals of business, they did not give one another "good-day" if they spoke at all, they consigned each other's eyes and limbs to everlasting perdition. Even when engaged upon a lawful calling like the present, Mr. Walter Dickson fully expected the roughest of receptions at Lucky Bay. A perceptible stiffness seized the most affable of medical practitioners, when a hemocopathist enters the same room; a county magistrate addresses a poacher, even non-officially, in tones which he generally uses toward the canine world rather than the human; and I think I have seen a clergyman of the Established Church turn almost livid when brought into connection with Baptists. Similarly, Lieutenant Carey, although a most capital fellow, was by no means rose-water to the enemies of the Revenue. Moreover, as I have said, there was just now a rumor afloat of some great robbery (as he considered it) to be presently committed upon his Majesty's customs in those parts, and it was not wholly out of the range of probability that he might suspect Mr. Dickson of having lent his lug to the Templer on this occasion, as he had often been known to lend his lugger.

Altogether, if commissioners had been an institution of these times, and Mr. Dickson had happened to find one waiting for an errand on so unpromising a thoroughfare as that between Sandby and Lucky Bay, he would have preferred to hand over the handsome guerdon which Mrs. Hepburn had given him for his trouble, as well as something out of his own pocket, to get this letter taken to Mrs. Carey by other hands. He did not, indeed, find a commissioner, but he found Mr. Stevens, who had strolled out with a cigar (and a spy-glass) before breakfast, a quarter of a mile or so on the Sandby side of the Look-out Station. Perhaps we shall not go far wrong in supposing that from that post of espial he had seen Mr. Dickson coming, and had purposely gone to meet him.

"A fine fresh morning, my good fellow," observed this gentleman, carelessly. "Was there much damage done at your place by last night's storm?"

"Not as I know on," replied the messenger, gruffly; "but the fact is, I came away before my eyes were well open; for the wind kept me awake with blowing the shingle off my roof, and when I should have had my snooze this morning, I got this to carry to the preventive station;" and he held out the letter to Mr. Carey, at arm's-length, as a man does who has got a material grievance to expatiate upon.

"Well, as far as that goes," rejoined the stranger, "I can save you the rest of the walk, and welcome, as I am the guest of Lieutenant Carey at present, and I am going back to his house at once to breakfast."

"Well, you see, it's got 'private' written upon it," observed Mr. Walter Dickson, indecisively; "and yet"—here he scratched his head with extraordinary vehemence—"I have no great fancy for putting my head into that there yonder, even to deliver a letter, and that's the truth. But I ask your pardon, sir; perhaps you may belong to them blessed 'Bluebottles'?"

"Not I, my friend," rejoined the stranger, laughing; "the very cigar I am smoking came to my lips free of the Custom-house. I am only here to look at some of your sea-sights—the Mermaid Cavern, and so on. I came, too, recommended by mine host of the *Crown*"—here he sank his voice, and looked cautiously about him—"which should be a passport—should it not?—to all free-traders."

"Perhaps it should, and perhaps it should not," returned the other, warily. "The coast-guard station is a queer place for an honest man to put up at: the rat doesn't trust the dog, you know, that lies in the same basket with the cat."

"And, yet, if he offered the use of his teeth to carry a letter," laughed the stranger, "I should think even the most cautious of rats might accept that service. By all means, carry it yourself, however, if you think it right to do so, although I should have thought that the word 'private' referred rather to the contents of the letter than to any particular hand by which it was to be delivered."

"Ay, that's true enough, master, surely; and if you're going to breakfast with the lieutenant and his wife, it's like you'll have an earlier opportunity of giving her this here than I, for them 'Blue-bottles' is sartin to keep me hanging about, and listening to their sauce, instead of taking in the letter direct."

"Very good," observed Mr. Stevens, quietly pocketing the note; "I will see that Mrs. Carey gets it at once."

He nodded carelessly, and, turning upon his heel, sauntered back in the direction of the preventive station; while Mr. Dickson, not displeased at having been spared the most unpleasant portion of his errand, walked hastily Sanby-ways, without once looking behind him. If he had entertained any suspicion of Mr. Stevens as a letter-carrier, and had kept his eyes turned westward for a few minutes, he would have remarked that that gentleman was a considerable time emerging from the little thicket which lay between him and the Look-out; this interval was spent in a manner which few besides the late Sir James Graham could have

conscientiously commended. Nothing was easier than to untwist the little note, which had neither seal nor fastening of any kind, except that moral one conveyed by its superscription, "private," and the contents were his own (by appropriation) in half a minute.

"DEAREST MRS. CAREY: Pray beseech the lieutenant to accompany Mr. Stevens and my husband in their walk this morning. This is a very silly request, I know; and yet I think you will grant it, even without having a reason assigned by yours affectionately, MILDRED HEPBURN."

Mr. Stevens folded up the letter as before and placed it in his waistcoat-pocket, with an unpleasant smile.

"No, Mrs. Raymond—Hepburn," soliloquized he, slowly, "I don't think that plan will suit me. Two is company—for a little way—but three is none. What a very fortunate thing that I was at the Look-out, and thereby able to anticipate this new arrangement!"

Mr. Stevens had not been the only person among the figure-heads that morning. Early as it was, Mrs. Carey had stepped out there with the intention of telling her guest that the tea was "made," and had been an unseen witness to the interview between him and Dickson. This so greatly strengthened her suspicions of his connection with the smuggling interest, that she ventured to confide them to her husband. But from an inspector of coast-guard stations to a sort of polite Will Watch, was too many points for the opinion of the lieutenant to veer round all in a hurry. He had only begun to admit the possibility of Mr. Stevens not being a direct emissary of the Admiralty, when the object of their discussion appeared coming up the little garden.

"Let us see whether he mentions having seen Dickson," said Mrs. Carey hurriedly, and the next moment their guest was seated at the breakfast-table.

Not a word did he utter about any such meeting, and very little about anything else. Ever and anon Mrs. Carey shot a glance of significance at her husband, as much as to say: "Did I not tell you so?" but the conversation languished. It was felt a relief by everybody when the meal was finished, although the host had something of embarrassment to endure still, when Mr. Stevens observed:

"Come, lieutenant, if you cannot be my companion for a longer walk, you will, at least accompany me half way to Sandby."

And poor Mr. Carey dared not say "No," albeit he was burning to have his talk out with his spouse concerning the character and intentions of this inexplicable person; nor was Mr. Stevens satisfied with even dragging him half way, but compelled him to accompany him to the height corresponding to the Look-out, upon the Sandby side of the bay. There, in sight of Pampas Cottage, the stranger struck his forehead theatrically:

"Upon my life, Mr. Carey," cried he, "I believe I might just as well wear a turban as this head of mine: I have clean forgotten a letter which a messenger from Mrs. Hepburn entrusted to me this very morning to give to your wife's hands. But stay—I don't think you must open it, for you see it is marked 'Private.' I won't detain you another moment; pray take it back, at once, and make my humblest apologies; pray, do—pray, do!"

Mrs. Hepburn, watching in the little garden, had beheld, with a grateful heart, the appearance of the lieutenant with his guest upon the western hill-top; and her disappointment was extreme when she now saw the former shake hands with his companion, with the evident intention of returning. She even beckoned to him with her hand to come on; and although he took off his hat, in token that he saw her, he only shook his head emphatically, and walked rapidly away homeward.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—BESIDE THE BEACON.

MR. STEVENS pursued his way to Pampas Cottage, and as he waited for the servant to answer the bell, pulled out his watch somewhat ostentatiously, as though he would observe: "I am a punctual man; I trust I shall not have to wait." Mrs. Hepburn had withdrawn within doors, but he was well aware that this piece of pantomime could not be lost upon her or on anybody else who chanced to be in the down-stairs sitting-room; and when he was admitted, he took his umbrella in with him, as one who has come not to make a call, but to take a walk, and who expects to start immediately. He had his reasons for not wishing to waste time; while poor Mildred, who was quite overwhelmed by what seemed the desertion of the lieutenant, did not know that she had any interest in delaying his departure. Not five minutes elapsed, therefore, before Raymond and the stranger were climbing together the Down behind the cottage, and Mildred, with her child in her arms, was watching them, and fashioning with dumb white lips, a prayer for her husband's safe return. At the top of the Down he paused and turned, standing up against the horizon very distinctly. There he motioned to her a farewell, kissing his hand twice, once for her, and once for little Milly, as she well understood it, then vanished over the brow of the hill, while her own fingers were yet upon her lips. Mr. Stevens lingered an instant behind him, and seemed to imitate her gesture mockingly, like some malignant Spectre of the Broken. She had promised to meet this man on the morrow at the Mermaid's Cavern, and he his guide homeward; yet she now feared nothing at his hand for herself, but everything for Raymond, and although she knew it not, she had good cause for fear.

The two men pushed swiftly on their way. There was not enough sympathy between them to make them slacken their pace for the convenience of conversation. They walked, rather, like the Alpine amateurs who walk for walking's sake, and about whom the professional guides they employ would, I should think, be very un-

willing to express their own private opinion. When, however, they came to any remarkable spot, Raymond would pause, and courteously explain to his companion whatever of interest belonged to it. Their path lay almost always close to the verge of the chalk cliffs; but every now and then a huge cleft, riven by some convulsion of nature, or worn away by the constant action of some little river, would compel a detour. These sheltered spots, wooded for the most part to the very verge of the ribbed sea-sand, were very lovely, but in the eyes of an inhabitant of the locality, their picturesqueness had but little claim upon his regard. They were all more or less used for smuggling purposes: not a boat lying up high and dry on the shore that tempestuous morning but had held at one time or another its foreign cargo—and about each there was a tale of adventure, and peril, and blood to be told, to which Mr. Stevens seemed to lend an attentive ear. The Downs themselves, with many a velvet hollow, met for the noiseless passage of the cloud-shadows, or with tiny dingles, dotted with gorse, and shaggy with thorn, were by no means without their story. More than once the wayfarers would come upon the "barrows," or burial-places of the long-forgotten dead—some rifled of their contents by brutal curiosity, but others still intact, with the same earth upon the mouldering bones which Briton or Saxon, centuries ago, had placed with pious hands above their dead. These tumuli were invariably upon some lofty ridge, as though the dying wish of those beneath them had been to be laid within the spot from which their homes, and fields, and all the little world which they had known in life, could best be seen.

Some observation of this sort Raymond made; but his companion only shrugged his shoulders, not seeming to appreciate antiquities, or the reflections arising therefrom, so much as the tales about "Will Watch."

"What does it matter, when a man is dead," observed he, roughly, "where his bones are put to?"

"Very true," replied Raymond. "Still, one has a fancy in these matters. One would not like to lie unburied, for instance, with one's bones picked by obscene birds, and whitening on a desert; or in the depths of ocean, tossing about with shell and sea-weed, and sucked by the cold lips of toothless fish."

"You are fastidious, Mr. Hepburn," responded the stranger, hammering at the rounded turf with irreverent heel.

"If it be so to prefer land to water for a last resting-place, I am," returned Raymond. "It is, as I have said, but fancy. Still, I would like to be laid where my wife and child could come to look upon the earth which to them at least would be sacred; nay, like these ancestors of ours, I confess I would rather find my last home where all the scenes around had been familiar to me during life."

"We have not all that choice," observed Mr. Stevens, coldly.

"Nice, agreeable, cheerful companion this," said Raymond to himself. "I hope he is not going to tire himself by walking with me too far."

Almost immediately, and as though in answer to this unexpressed thought, Mr. Stevens stopped; he did not, however, hold out his hand to say good-by; he pointed with it to a dark object looming upon a crest of Down far in advance.

"Why, what is that?" he muttered. "It looks like a—like a gallows!"

So haggard, so wild, and yet so menacing was the stranger's appearance as he made this inquiry, that Raymond might aptly have retorted, "And you look like a gallows-bird." But he only answered, smiling:

"For one who has no foolish fancies such as we were speaking of but now, you seem strangely moved by Marmouth Beacon. It is certainly black, and it is made of timber, but I never knew it taken for a gallows before. A beacon has stood, in some shape or another, on that promontory, which is one of the highest cliffs in the south country, for perhaps a thousand years. In the middle ages it flashed out its warning far and near, whenever an invader threatened; it did good service, too, when the Spaniard would have laid his yoke upon us, and told with a tongue of flame when his great Armada made the deep yonder twinkle with myriad lights, like another heaven."

"Ay, he would have brought back the old faith," said Mr. Stevens, carelessly, but with a stealthy glance at his companion.

"I am a Catholic myself," answered Raymond, simply, "but I would not force my creed down a nation's throat at the point of the sword. In these times, as during the late war, the beacon is only used as a telegraph. Those wooden arms, which give it, as you say, so ghastly an appearance, have a vocabulary, when made to speak, of many hundred words, which, on a fine day, can be heard—or rather read—miles and miles away."

"Are there any people stationed there to work it?" inquired the stranger.

"No, not now; the wooden hut is pulled down where the semaphore men used to live, and at present I suppose it is one of the most lonely places hereabout. From the sea it is totally inaccessible; the cliffs everywhere are sheer; and, except by the coast-guard in their night patrol, I doubt whether it is visited once a week by any human creature. If you would like to pass by it, however, it will not take us much out of our way."

"I should like to do so much," replied Mr. Stevens; "I have never yet been close beside a beacon, nor even seen one before."

"Yet hereabouts they call them 'See'em-fors,'" observed Hepburn, laughing.

The fresh, clear air, the rapid walk, had worked with Raymond's naturally healthy animalism, and put him in high spirits, which even the companionship of the sombre Mr. Stevens could not damp.

"You are pleased to be jocular, sir," responded that worthy. "In our north country such mirth

is held to be a bad sign. 'Agal et il-chance,' it is said, 'men are ever merry.' We call it 'flee.'"

"Indeed!" responded Raymond, laughing still. "I never knew that a poor pun was held to bring bad luck; and yet I know the north country well, too."

"I thought you told me yesterday you were from the south," observed the stranger, gravely.

"I have lived in both north and south," answered Raymond, in some confusion. "Now, look at those little lumps of chalk which run to and from the beacon, like the outlines of some children's game. Without them the coast-guardsmen would never find his way at night; and once some cowardly scoundrel, for whom smuggler was far too good a name, arranged them after dark so that the poor wretch, thinking that he was only upon his usual beat, fell over the cliff-top."

"And was killed, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Stevens.

"Killed! Ay; if he had had nine lives he must have lost all before he reached the bottom. Whether a man fell from yonder edge upon sea or shingle, it would matter nothing to him by the time he reached either. See! the very rabbits in the warren there have left a space between their burrows and the hideous steep, and squat at a respectful distance. The poor victim's name is carved somewhere upon the beacon itself; yes, here it is—a more fitting record of his fate, perhaps, in such a place, than any other monument."

#### 'ABRAHAM PRICE—perit!'

The date is already erased by the wind and weather, but the thing took place but a very few years ago."

"But why *perit!*" inquired Mr. Stevens, with unwonted interest. "That is not the Latin for 'murdered,' is it?"

"Well, not exactly, I believe," laughed Raymond; "but the fact is, the crime was never brought legally home to the wretch, although the finger of justice seemed to point him out as clearly as yonder arm is pointing to you."

The stranger looked up in the direction indicated by his companion, then staggered back, with his face pale as ashes. The long black arm of the telegraph was grimly covering him, as a musket covers its mark.

"Well, for a gentleman who entertains no silly fancies, I must say you are easily frightened," observed Raymond, with some contempt. "Why, Marmouth Beacon is quite a scarecrow to you. I should have thought you were the murderer himself, conscience-stricken, but that I happen to know he has paid the forfeit of his crime. He was the very man I was telling you of who was shot through the head by Mr. Toppell, at the second 'chime' we came to. His name was Peter Elliot. Take care where you are going to, sir, for heaven's sake. You are standing too near the edge, unless you have a very steady eye."

"I am never giddy from physical causes," returned the stranger, coolly, "although, as you have been good enough to remark, some things make me nervous. Do you mean to say that a man would have no chance for his life who fell from here into deep water, when the tide was well up—as it is now, for instance?"

"Not the very slightest," returned Raymond, confidently. "Where we are now, the cliff overhangs a little, and we can see nothing beneath us; but turn your eyes a few feet westward, and you may see in yonder precipice a counterpart of the sheer steep upon whose beetling edge we stand, so lofty that the roaring of the surf which, gyrophant-like, licks the huge white wall it slowly undermines, cannot reach our ears; so smooth, that there is scarce a foothold sure upon the ledges where the sea-gulls breed, and the foolish guillemots stand in ordered line, by scores and scores."

"Still, this very smoothness would have given the poor wretch you spoke of a greater chance; he would not, at least, have been dashed from rock to rock in his descent, and at the bottom there is sand, I see."

"Nay," returned Raymond, "but you see no sand, and your mistake is a proof of the great height at which we stand. What looks like sand from here, so brown and small, is a beach of rounded stones, which would dash the life out of a man, though he fell but one quarter of this distance, while the next ebb-tide would bear him out to sea; and yet—"

"Ay, what? You were going to say something. You think a person, even in such a strait, might yet be saved?"

"Not so, sir; I was calling to mind how, in this very spot, I saw the bird-catchers at work last spring. No less than five were clinging to the face of that same precipice, with nothing but a rope of hide apiece to anchor them to life. I saw one being drawn up with a young fulmar—the oily gull—in either hand, striking his foot against the smooth chalk, and bounding out into the very air, as though he scorned even a foothold; and all that time he was bawling jokes to his mate upon the edge here, who merely held the hide reins, as one holds upon whose strength and presence of mind his existence solely depended. Some of these adventurers do not have a mate at all, but trust to a mere stake, which they themselves drive into the earth above, and to which they fasten their rope. The only difficulty they seem to find in the matter is at the last part of their unassisted ascent, when they have to jerk themselves from the face of the precipice, in order to insert their hand beneath the rope and the cliff-edge. No accident, indeed, happens, I believe, either bird-catching or samphire-gathering, but well has Shakespeare called it 'dreadful trade.'"

"You interest me immensely," said Mr. Stevens; "for all we know, then, there may be half-a-dozen folks beneath us, whose presence we know nothing about."

"No, not to-day," returned Raymond; "the wind is far too strong for— Lord have mercy upon me! Help, man, help! Stain not your soul with murder!"

With one strong push between the shoulders, the treacherous stranger had thrust his companion over the cliff.

He had fallen, of course, but not sheer; the wondrous instinct of life had somehow caused him, even in that instant, to twist round with his face, and not his side, toward the precipice; and there he clung, a few feet below the edge, with his nails dug into the soft chalk, and his feet striving for, and even attaining a momentary hold.

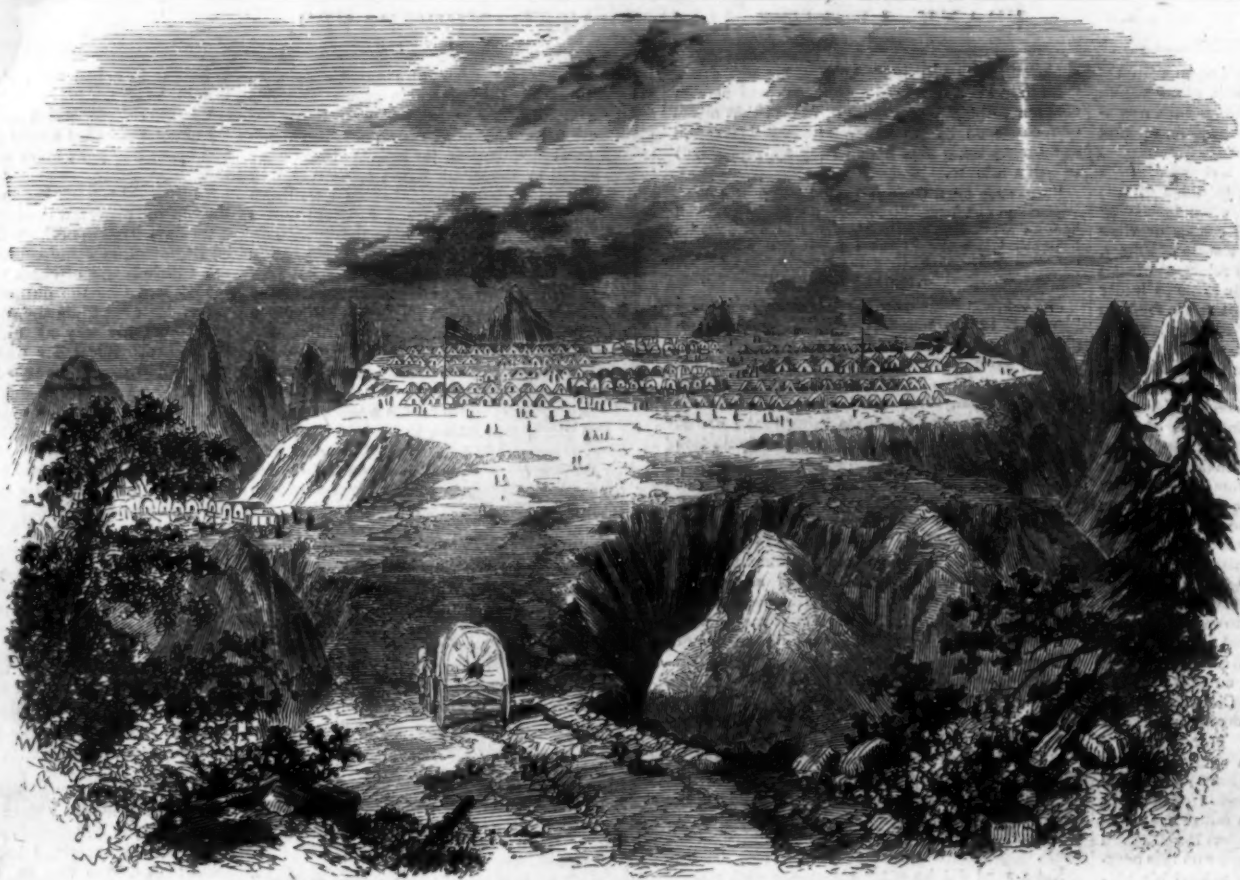


### CAMP NO. 38, MINNESOTA.

THE recent outrages of the Indians in our Northern and Western States have compelled the formation of numerous camps in those portions of the Union. These are useful on many accounts, since they exercise a wholesome terror over the Red Skins, and are places of refuge and assistance to the emigrant trains. Our sketch represents one of these camps in what is termed the Bad Lands of Minnesota. Some of these table-lands are two thousand feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, and serve natural fortifications.

On the left is a train of emigrants on their way to the Far West, resting for awhile before they resume their tortuous march to Montana or Idaho.

Our correspondent describes the scenery as being very sublime as well as peculiar, the plateau being surrounded by mountain-peaks, which rise everywhere like church spires. The air is very bleak, the cold in winter being so intense as to freeze the quicksilver.



CAMP NO. 38, IDAHO TRAIN IN THE BAD LANDS, MINNESOTA TERRITORY.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. A. BRANDT.

### GENERAL MANUEL QUESADA.

THE Mexican Republic, in its present struggle for national independence, like that of the United States in the late civil war, has developed the noblest traits of character in some of her soldiers, and brought to light the rarest qualities of head and heart. There, as well as with us in our terrible conflict for national life, we have seen men, before unknown to fame, rising from subordinate positions in the army, suddenly become leaders of singular merit, of great tact and valor. Sword in hand, they have thrown themselves in the midst of danger, leading successfully thousands of soldiers to victory, and in a comparatively brief period achieving a reputation and a place among the world's bravest warriors. To-day we present our readers a portrait of Gen. Manuel Quesada, one of the most active, successful and prominent generals of the republican army of Mexico.

Gen. Quesada was born in the city of Puerto Principe, in the Island of Cuba, on the 29th of March, 1833. At an early age he left his native land to seek a livelihood, and try his fortune in Mexico. He took no part in political movements in that republic until the year 1855, when he espoused the liberal cause of his adopted country, and has proved to be one of its most faithful, valiant, and successful champions and defenders, defeating the French invaders at Tepeji del Rio, Fortin Arroyo Sarco, Calpulalpan, San Martin, Tasmelucam, &c.

The frequent dissensions between the invaders, and the church party or imperialists, and the liberals, afforded him vast opportunities to display his activity, intrepidity and capacity as a soldier, and he was promoted for gallantry to the rank of Colonel at the well-contested and hard-fought battle of Calpulalpan, and shortly afterward to that of General for his invincible valor in his brilliant and vigorous attack on Pachuca. One of the actions that sheds most lustre on his military career is that of Palo Gacho, in the State of Vera Cruz, where the Mexican army for the first time met the French troops, and a few days later at Cruz Blanca fought against the invaders.

Gen. Quesada is extensively known in the republican army as a kind friend and excellent officer. He has been favored with the honorable medal of Pachuca, and with that of the ever-memorable 5th of May, for the defeat of the French forces at Puebla, in 1862, and he has subsequently held with great credit the office of Governor *ad interim* of the several States of Tlascala, Coahuila and Durango. He is at present in this city, on a mission of great importance to the cause of Mexican independence and the welfare of a sister republic.

### SHOOTING A GHOST.

It is not very long since a belief in ghosts was quite prevalent even among educated people, and it is well known that the Puritans of New-England once thought it right and necessary to burn and exterminate witches and other disorderly characters. Of course the pranks and appearances of ghosts were due to the mischievous vagaries of ill-disposed persons, who thus imposed upon the credulity of the public, and sometimes involved themselves and others in very serious consequences. The occurrence referred to in our illustration took place in England in the last century, and resulted in the death of one person and the condemnation of another, who was afterward pardoned.

It appears that some one personating a ghost had for some time been frightening the people by appearing in the churchyard and pursuing those who passed by. Francis Smith, the subject of this sketch, doubtless incensed at the unknown

person who was in the habit of assuming this supernatural character, and thus frightening the superstitious inhabitants of the village, rashly determined on watching for, and shooting the ghost; when unfortunately he shot a poor man, named Thomas Milwood, a bricklayer, who was in a white dress, the usual habiliement of his occupation. This rash act having been judged willful murder by the coroner's inquest, Smith was committed to jail, and took his trial at the ensuing sessions at the Old Bailey, on the 13th of January.

The evidence adduced was, that the unfortunate deceased had quitted the residence of his father and mother only five minutes before he was killed; and that, as he was passing along Black Lion lane, the prisoner saw him and called out: "Who are you? I'll shoot you, if you don't speak." No answer was returned, and the prisoner then fired, and the contents of his gun struck the deceased on the jaw, and he fell down dead. The prisoner immediately went in search of assistance, but it was found to be too late, and he then surrendered himself into custody. It afterward proved that he had agreed with a watchman to go in search

of the ghost; and that his only object was to rid the neighborhood of the visitor who had occasioned so much mischievous alarm.

### MONKEYS ATTACKING TRAVELERS

SOME of the larger species of the monkey tribe are rather formidable antagonists when enraged. Their affection for their young and for each other is well known; and instances are fully authenticated in which they have fearfully avenged insult and injury. The engraving on this page illustrates this trait quite clearly. A traveler in the East Indies tells us that, as he was passing through the country on one occasion, in company with the English President, several apes were observed on the trees around them. The President was so much amused that he ordered the carriage to be stopped, and desired his companion to shoot one of them. The attendants, who were principally natives, and well acquainted with the habits of the animals, begged him to desist, lest those that escaped might do them some injury, in revenge for the death of a companion. Being, however,

very from light yellow to dark green. The wonderful double coco-nut, from the Seychelles, has been introduced into Ceylon. In size, it exceeds greatly the common coco-nut, with the added peculiarity of presenting a double form. In the subjoined sketch an orange is introduced to exhibit the extraordinary size of these singular coco-nuts, even after being deprived of the outward husk. Drifted by the waves from some unknown shore, this mysterious fruit was at one time believed to grow beneath the sea, hence its name of *Coco de Mer*.

### A CINGALESE WITH HIS COMBS.

ONE peculiar custom of the Cingalese not only attracts the eyes of every stranger by its singularity, but presents a remarkable instance of the unchanging habits of an Eastern race. Seventeen hundred years ago, Ptolemy, speaking of them, alluded to the length of their hair, and a contemporary writer describes with minuteness their mode of dressing it: "Men," says he, "who inhabit Ceylon, allow their hair an unlimited growth, and bind it on the crown of their heads after the manner of women." Emerson Tennant, who has recently published a most interesting map of Ceylon, and whose sketch we reproduce, says: "So closely do the low-country Cingalese follow the manners of women in their toilet, that their back hair is first rolled into a coil, called a *kandé*; this is fixed at the top of the head by a large tortoise-shell comb, whilst the hair is drawn back from the forehead à l'empératrice, and secured by another circular comb

### TOMBSTONE OF THOMAS, LORD FAIRFAX,

In Episcopal Church, Winchester.

In the Episcopal Church at Winchester is a tablet to the memory of a nobleman, whose princely domains extended far and wide in the Old Dominion, comprising nearly six millions of acres.

Though a personal friend of Washington, and his early patron, the hero's first employment, at the age of sixteen, being that of surveyor on Lord Fairfax's lands, the nobleman, for adhering to the crown, was attainted, and all his lands confiscated.

He was born about 1680, and was the sixth Baron Fairfax of Cameron. Educated at Oxford, he chose a military career, and held a commission in the Horse Guards. He was, too, a man of letters and a wit, contributing several papers to the *Spectator*. Disappointed in love, he came to America to look after the estates which he inherited from his mother, the daughter of Lord Culpepper. He erected a beautiful seat—Belvoir—near Mount Vernon, and lived the life of an English country gentleman, doing, perhaps, more than any other to give that peculiar tone to Virginian society. He afterward removed to Greenway Court, near Winchester, where he pursued his fox-hunting and other field sports with unabated ardor, dispensing a generous hospitality, and spending half his time with his hounds and horses.

When the news of the surrender of Cornwallis reached him, he called his body-servant, and said: "Here, take me to bed, I will die now!" and, in fact, he expired soon after. The tablet erected to his memory, with his name in a few places, are all that is left to remind us of America's greatest nobleman. A few score such as he might have changed entirely the character of American society and institutions. The inscription on his tablet is beneath his arms, and is as follows:

In Memory of  
THOMAS, LORD FAIRFAX,  
Who died 1792,  
And whose ashes repose underneath this church.  
His motto was  
"Je le feray durant ma vie."  
"I will do it during my life."

FROG EATING.—Frogs, at Vienna, are a great delicacy. Both the edible and the common frog are eaten; but the latter is much less esteemed, as the flesh is not so white. The hind-legs are in most request, two pairs of them costing about three cents. The fore-legs and livers are mostly used for soup. These poor animals are brought from the country, 30,000 or 40,000 at a time, and sold to the great dealers, who have conservatories of them. These are large holes four or five feet deep, dug in the ground, the mouth of which is covered with a board, and with straw, in severe weather. In the winter, during the frost, they never become quite torpid when in these conservatories.



GENERAL MANUEL QUESADA.



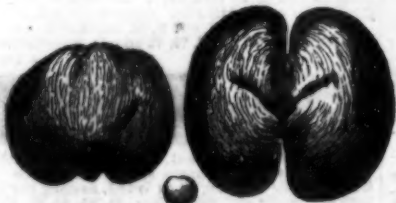


SHOOTING A GEORGE.

### A Day with Halibut.

Of all the deep sea-fish, the halibut is by far the largest and strongest the savage has to grapple with. Halibut fishing, as practiced by the Indians, in a canoe, on a dangerously rough sea, is a sport few have indulged in.

My story commences at Fort Rupert, a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the extreme end of Vancouver's Island; this so-called fort is a depot for trading, or, in other words, bartering goods of various kinds for peltries (fur skins simply sun-dried), brought for sale by Indian hunters to the fort. A large colony of Indians live close by, in a village composed of wood-sheds,



COCO DE MER.

situated on a level plateau overlooking a bay, or, more correctly, a sheltered roadstead, named Beaver Harbor. A regular fleet of canoes are generally to be seen on the beach, of all sizes, from the war canoe, capable of carrying thirty fighting men, down to the shell, paddled by girls and boys.

I was the guest of the chief trader, and having expressed a desire to witness halibut fishing, it was arranged that my wishes should be gratified, as soon as the requisite negotiations could be carried out with the chiefs. The morning of departure arrived, and as I left the fort, and strolled down the slanting beach toward the sea, a quaint assemblage of disagreeable specimens of humanity preceded me, in novel procession—savages of every age and size, from the stalwart chief to the waddling brat, all eyes and stomach.

A chief, particularly a white one, in savagery is great or little in an exact ratio to the amount of pat-a-lech (a word equivalent to the bak-sheish of Easterns) he pays or gives for service rendered; being the trader's guest, and the presents being deemed highly satisfactory, of course the "Long Beard"—so they styled me—was on the topmost pinnacle of popularity.

A large canoe, manned by four savages, awaited my arrival, and this being a special occasion, they were more elaborately painted than is usual. A brief description of one will serve to portray the other three. Tailors

are entirely unknown in the land of the red-skin. A small piece of blanket, or fur, tied round the waist, constitutes the court, evening and morning costume of both chief and subject. My crew were killed with pieces of scarlet blanket. Imagine, if you can, a dark, swarthy, copper-colored figure leaning on a canoe paddle, his jet black hair hanging down nearly to the middle of his back, the front hair being clipped close in a straight line across the forehead. Neither beard, whisker nor mustache ever adorns the face of the red-skin, the hair being tweezed out by squaws in early life, and thus destroyed. A line of vermilion extends from the centre of the forehead to the tip of the nose, and from this trunk-line others radiate, over and under the eyes and across the cheeks. Between these red lines, white and blue streaks alternately fill the interstices. A similar pattern ornaments chest, arms and back, the frescoing being artistically arranged to give apparent width to the chest; the legs and feet being naked. A fine bag made from the skin of the medicine otter, elaborately decorated with beads, scarlet cloth, bells and brass buttons, slung round the neck by a broad belt of wampum, completed the costume of my coxswain.

The canoe was what is commonly called a dug-out, that is, made from a solid log of wood. The cedar (*Thuja gigantea*) is always used by coast Indians for canoe-making. The process of hollowing out is long and tedious, but when complete, the requisite bulge at the sides is accomplished by a very ingenious method. The canoe being filled with water, red hot stones are continually plunged into it until nearly boiling, then pieces of wood of various lengths are jammed athwart the canoe, and thus the sides are pressed out, and when cold retain the shape given to them. Nothing can be more graceful than the lines of the canoes used by the Fort Rupert Indians. Coiled round the sharp bow of the canoe like a huge snake was a strong line about sixty fathoms in length, made from the inner bark of the cy-

press, neatly twisted. Laying along each side extending far beyond both bow and stern, were two light spear hafts about sixty feet long, whilst stowed away in the bow were a dozen shorter spears, one end being barbed, the other constructed to fit on to the longer spear, but so contrived that the spearman can readily detach it by a skillful jerk. Tied lightly to the centre of each of the smaller spears was a bladder, made from sealskin blown full of air, the line attaching it being about three fathoms in length.

I had hardly completed my investigation of the canoe, its crew and contents, when, to my intense astonishment, the four Indians who were to accompany me lifted me, as they would a bale of fur or a barrel of pork, and without a word deposited me in the bottom of the canoe, where I was enjoined to sit much in the same position enforced on a culprit in the parish stocks. I may mention, incidentally, that a canoe is not half as enjoyable as poets and novelists, who are prone to draw imaginary sketches, would lead the uninitiated to believe. It would be impossible to trust oneself in a more uncomfortable, dangerous, damp, disagreeable kind of boat—generally designated a "Fairy Bark"—that "rides, dances, glides, threads its silvery course, over seas, and lakes, or arrow-like shoots foaming rapids." All a miserable delusion and a myth. Getting in, unless lifted as I was, bodily, like baggage, is to any but an Indian a dangerous and difficult process; the least preponderance of weight to either side, and out you tumble into the water to a certainty. Again, lowering oneself into the bottom is quite as bad, if not worse, requiring extreme care to keep an even balance, and a flexibility of back and limb seldom possessed by any save tumblers and tight-rope dancers. Down safely, then, as I have said, you are compelled to sit in a most painful position, and the least attempt to alter it generally results in a sudden heeling over of the canoe, when you find yourself sitting in a foot of cold water.

We are off, and swiftly crossing Beaver Harbor, the beach grows indistinct in the distance; still the dusky forms of the Indians, the rough, gaudily-painted huts, the gleam of many lodge-fires, and wreaths of white smoke slowly ascending through the still air, the square substantial pickets shutting in the trade fort, its roof and chimneys just peeping above all, backed by the sombre green of the pine trees, together presented a picture novel in all its details, wild and grand as a whole, such as Turner would have loved to paint.

A few minutes and we round the jutting head-land, keeping close along the rocky shore of the island, glide past snug bays and cozy little land-locked harbors, the homes and haunts of countless wild-fowl; soon we leave the shore and stand away to sea. The breeze is fresher here, and a ripple that would be nothing in a boat, makes the flat-bottomed canoe what a sailor would call unpleasantly lively. Save a wetting from the spray and an occasional surge of water over the gunwale, all goes pleasantly. The far-away land is barely distinguishable in the gray haze. No canoes are to be seen in the dark blue water, the only sign of living things—a flock of sea-gulls waging war on a shoal of fish, the distant spouting of a whale, and the glossy backs of the black fish as they roll lazily through the ripple. The line at the bow is uncoiled, a heavy stone enclosed in a net is attached as a sinker, a large hook made of bone and hardwood, baited with a piece of the octopus, a species of cuttle-fish, is made fast to the long line by a piece of hemp cord; then comes the heavy plunge of the sinker, and the rattle of the line as it runs over the side of the canoe, and we wait in silence for the expected bite. While so waiting, it may be as well briefly to explain, for the benefit of such as are not familiar with fish, what a halibut is.

The halibut is a flat fish, belonging to the genus pleuronectidae of naturalists; it attains a very large size in these seas, from three to five hundred weight. Halibuts are common on the banks of Newfoundland, and are frequently taken by the cod-fishers; they are also found on the west coasts of Norway and Greenland, and it is



A GINGALESE WITH HIS COMB.

stated are common around the coast of Ireland and Cornwall. In 1823, a halibut, seven feet six inches in length, three feet six inches in breadth, and weighing three hundred and twenty pounds, was taken off the Isle of Man. The halibut is a ground feeder; its favorite diet, small fish, crustaceans, and cuttle-fish. It spawns early in the summer.

A tug that came unpleasantly near to upsetting us all, let us know that a halibut was bottling in the tempting morsel, hook and all. A few minutes to give him time to fairly swallow it, and now a sudden twick buries the hook deeply in the fleshy throat, the huge flat fish finds to his cost that his dinner is likely to seriously disagree with him, whilst in the canoe all are in full employ. The bowman, kneeling, holds on tightly with both hands to the line; the savage next him



TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS, LORD FAIRFAX, IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

takes one of the long spears, and quickly places on to the end of it a shorter one, barbed and bladdered; the other two paddle warily. At first the hooked fish was sulky, and remained obstinately at the bottom, until continued jerks at the line ruffled his temper and excited his curiosity sufficiently to induce a sudden ascent to the surface—perhaps to have a peep at his persecutors. Aw-iting his appearance stood the spearman, and when the canoe was sufficiently

near, in he sent the spear, jerking the long haft or handle from the shorter barbed spear, which remained in the fish, the bladder floating like a life-buoy, marking the fish's whereabouts. The halibut, finding his reception anything but agreeable, tries to descend again into the lower regions, a performance now difficult to accomplish, as the bladder is a serious obstacle. Soon reappearing on the surface, another spear was sent into him, and so on, until he was compelled to remain floating. During all this time, the paddlers, aided by the line-man, followed all the twistings and windings of the fish, as a grayhound courses a bounding hare. For some time the contest was a very equal one, after the huge fish was buoyed and prevented from diving. On the one side the halibut made desperate efforts to escape by swimming,



MONKEYS ATTACKING A PARTY OF TRAVELERS.—SEE PAGE 220.



and on the other, the Indians keeping a tight line, made him tow the canoe. Evident signs of weariness at last began to exhibit themselves, his swimming became slower, and the attempts to escape more feeble and less frequent. Several times the canoe came close up to him, but a desperate struggle enabled him once more to get away. Again and again we were all but over; the fish literally flew through the water, sometimes towed the canoe nearly under, and at others spun it suddenly round, like a whipped top; nothing but the wonderful dexterity of the paddlers saving us from instant shipwreck and the certainty of drowning. I would have given much to have stood up; but no, if I only moved to one side to peep over, a sudden yell from the steersman, accompanied with a flourish of the braining club—mildly admonitory, no doubt, but vastly significant—insured instant obedience. I forgot cold, wet, fright—indeed, everything but the one all-absorbing excitement attendant on this ocean chase; the skill and tact of uneducated man pitted against a huge sea-monster of tenfold strength, a sight a lover of sport would have any distance to witness.

Slowly and steadily the sturdy paddlers worked toward the shore, towing the fish, but keeping the canoe stern first, so as to be enabled to pay out line and follow him should he suddenly grow restive; in this way the Indians gradually coaxed the flat monster toward the beach, a weak, powerless exhausted giant, outwitted, captured, and subdued, prevented from diving into his deep sea realms, by, to him, anything but life-buoys. We beached him at last, and he yielded his life to the knife and club of the red-skin.

Returning for another foray a like success attended our efforts, and three fish were thus taken during the day. Our three halibut weighed collectively over nine hundred pounds, the first taken being by far the largest. I arrived at this estimate by weighing portions of the fish at the fort on the following day. All these operations completed, a fire was lighted, and large masses of fish, broiled on the glowing embers, were summarily devoured by the hungry fishermen; the fish as an edible I did not care much about, but the sport I most thoroughly enjoyed. Perhaps the element of constant danger enhanced the charm of this, to me, new system of fishing. It was the first time I had alone, in a canoe manned by four savages, speaking an unknown language, upon the great trying-ground of the illimitable sea, beheld the perfection of fishing, a pleasure considerably increased by the discovery that in a remote part of the world the sea—as it ever has been and still is in highly civilized countries—the nursery of the strong arm and defiant spirit. Men taught only lessons of dire necessity had hit on a plan, simple but most effective, that enabled them to master and land a large fish five hundred pounds in weight—to battle with a rough sea, in a boat so frail that a boy could easily upset it. I have tried cod-fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, whale-fishing on the coast of Greenland, sturgeon-fishing on the Fraser, Lake-fishing in Canada, salmon-fishing in England and elsewhere, but not one single day can I recall to my remembrance that equals in intense delight this red-letter day in the annals of my fishing experiences—my day among the halibut.

**HOW TO CHARM A SPANISH CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER.**—A short time ago an English gentleman entered Spain by way of Perpignan. He had with him a fowling-piece and a pair of pistols, which are liable, though private property and not intended for sale, to a heavy duty. He was reminded at La Jonquera of the necessity of "satisfying" the custom-house officer with respect to his rifle and pistols. Taking from his pocket a dollar, he addressed the chief officer: "Señor, will you do me the great kindness to give this to your little ones?" This request having been graciously received, the Englishman continued: "Sir, there is no rifle; what they take for such is a walking-stick with a long iron ferule and a thick handle." "Oh, I see," said the officer; "a very natural mistake. Your stick shall pass; but, now, about the pistols?" "Señor, this is another equivocation (an equivocation in Spanish means a mistake). Should I be trespassing too much on your well-known courtesy, if I were to beg your young men to accept this trifle (another dollar), as a mark of my esteem for yourself?" "Sir, you are very good and polite." (The Spanish is "You are very formal and accomplished.") "I have nothing with me but a couple of muffins." "I understand you perfectly well," said the officer; and, pointing to a tall-tale powder-flask which hung from the traveler's belt, "This, I suppose, is the muffin?" The two gentlemen exchanged bows, and the Englishman carried his walking-stick and muffins through Catalonia.

**THE Paris correspondent of the London Star writes:** "One of the fractional miseries of married life underlies the poor-bore, which custom compels you to hand over every cabman, waiter at the restaurants, box-keepers at the theatres, etc. A traveler, recently arrived, calculated that, by this system, a day in Paris costs, at the lowest computation, four francs fifty cents in poor-bores. Statistics inform us that the sum daily received in these gratuities at cafes, theatres, restaurants, hotels, railway termini and public conveyances, amounts to 1,000,000—that is, 240,000, which, multiplied by 365 days, will produce 86,500,000 francs in the year, and this is Paris alone. This audacity with which these poor-bores are insisted on is something startling. I subscribed to a government paper a short time since. Three days after having paid my subscription, the office messenger called to demand his poor-bore. We to me had I refused this extortion."

**THE excavations in Selinunt, the ancient Phœnician Solunt, near Palermo, have been recommenced.** Three ancient streets—among them probably the principal street of the ancient town—have been laid open. A number of glass vessels, partly ornamented and inscribed with Greek legends, have been placed in the museum of Palermo, which will soon be further enriched by a beautiful Etruscan collection, brought at Siena for 35,000*l.*, and a collection of terra-cotta vases excavated at Terranova, the ancient Gela, and acquired for the sum of 12,000*l.*

**DISCOVERY OF GLASS.**—"As some insects," says Pliny, "were carrying nitre, they stopped near a river which issues from Mount Carmel. As they could not readily find stones to rest their kettles on, they used for this purpose some of these pieces of nitre. The fire, which gradually dissolved the nitre, and mixed it with the sand, occasioned a transparent matter to flow, which in fact was nothing less than glass."

### THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

WHEN the Empress Josephine was yet a child in the West Indian island in which she was born (Martinique or St. Domingo), an old negro sorcerer, or Obi woman, predicted to her that she would lose her first husband, undergo extreme misfortunes and trials, but would afterward be greater than a queen, and yet outlive her dignity. Her prophecy was fulfilled to the letter: Her first husband, Count Alexander de Beauharnois, a general in the army of the Rhine, was guillotined during the Reign of Terror. She herself, in the dungeons of the Conciergerie, expected every hour the same fate. Even then she mentioned the prediction to her fellow-prisoners; and to direct their melancholy thoughts, named some of them as ladies of the bedchamber—a jest which she afterward lived to realize to one of their number. Sir Archibald Alison, when relating this incident, adds in a note: "The author heard this prophecy in 1801, long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne, from the late Countess of Bath and the late Countess of Avonmore, who were educated in the same convent with Josephine, and had repeatedly heard her mention the circumstance in early youth." According to some of the last clause in the prophecy was that she should die in an hospital. This was in the sequel interpreted to mean Malmesbury, where she breathed her last—a palace which, like our own St. James's, had once been an hospital.

Truly, says Shakespeare, "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges;" and never was this more strongly illustrated than in the fortunes of the Napoleonic dynasty. The first Napoleon repudiated the wife of his choice, in the hope of leaving his crown in the direct line to a son and heir. A son was born to him; that son died, unmarried and disinherited, and the grandson of Josephine sits firmly on the throne of France.

**A SPLENDID CITY.**—A correspondent gives the following description of the capital of the empire of Japan: "Jeddo, without exception, is one of the finest cities in the world; streets broad and good, and the castle, which includes nearly the whole centre of the town, built on a slight eminence. There are three walls or enclosures around this quarter. Within the inner enclosure the Toyoon emperor and his apparent live. The houses of the princes and nobles are palaces; and you may imagine the size, when some contain ten thousand followers. They are built in regular order, forming streets some forty yards broad, kept in perfect order. An immense courtyard, with trees and gardens, forms the centre of each enclosure, in the midst of which is the house of the owner. The houses containing the followers, servants, etc., form this large enclosure. The gateways leading to the courtyard are exceedingly handsome, of massive woodwork, ornamented with lacquer and other devices. From the road that leads by the most to the second wall is one of the finest views I ever recollect seeing. On one side is the Gulf of Jeddo, with its trees and gardens, picturesque temples and densely-crowded streets, extending as far as the eye can reach toward the interior. Then there is a view of the trees and green fields in the distance, far away beyond a thickly-built suburb. But the most striking view of all is that close by the well-kept green banks of the second defense, rising some seventy feet from the broad road below, with grand old cedars, over a hundred years of age, growing from its sides. The fine timber, the lay of the ground, the water-lilies in the moat, the grandeur, good order and completeness of everything, equal, and in some ways far surpass, anything I have seen in Europe or any part of the world. We made an expedition into the country. The cottages were surrounded by neatly-clipped hedges. The private residences are as well walled and kept as any place in England. The same completeness and finish exist in everything."

It now appears that our iron-clads were provided with what are called "deck scrapers." These are machines for passing up through the deck from below nine-inch percussion shells, which are then exploded, and sweep everything overboard. They were used on the Dictator with wooden men, and the force of explosion tumbled everything on deck into the sea, and a fragment of a shell cut the chain-cable in two. This is a fact for the English newspapers, which proposed to capture our iron-clads by boarding them.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

**WHY** would a robber prefer robbing an old man's house to any other?—Because his gait (gate) is feeble and his locks are few.

**WHY** is Gillet, the penmaker, the most wicked of men?—Because he makes men steal (steel) pens, and then persuades them that they do right (write).

**WHY** are cowardly soldiers like butter?—Because when they are exposed to fire, they run.

**WHAT** metamorphosis does a washerwoman undergo in the night?—She goes to bed a washerwoman, and gets up fine linen.

**WHAT** do you suppose led Alexander Selkirk to believe that the island of Juan Fernandez was inhabited? He saw, on reaching the island, a heavy swell on the shore, and a little cow running inland.

**WHAT** wind would a hungry sailor wish for at sea?—A wind which blows foul (fowl) and then chops.

**WHY** might sailors be naturally supposed to be little men?—Because they can sleep in their watches.

**WHAT** gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor?—A draft.

**WHAT** is the most indigestible supper you can eat?—To bolt the street door the last thing before you go to bed.

**How** can a boy make his jacket last?—By making his waistcoat and trousers first.

**WHY** is a rogues' lawyer like a man who cannot sleep?—Because he lies first on one side and then turns round and lies on the other, and is wide awake the whole time, and even when dead he lies still.

**WHAT** is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather-bed?—One is hard up and the other soft down.

**Who** was Jonah's tutor?—The whale who brought him up.

**WHEN** was beef-tea introduced into England on a large scale?—When Henry VIII. dissolved the Pope's bull.

**WHAT** fruit does a newly-married couple most resemble?—A green pear.

**At** what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him sage.

**WHEN** may two people be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.

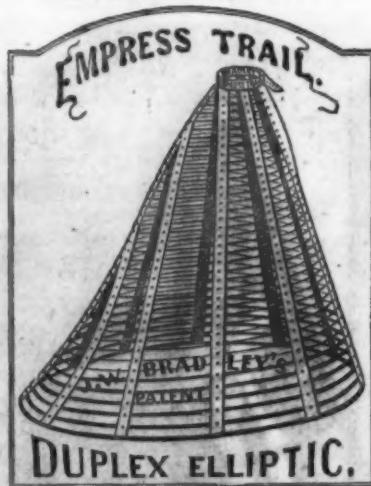
**WHAT** two counties in Ireland would you suppose to be lighter in weight than the rest?—Cork and Down.

**WHEN** rain falls, does it ever get up again?—Of course it does, in dew time.

**WHAT** stone should have been placed at the gate of Eden after the expulsion?—Adamantine (Adam ain't in).

**RED** noses are like light-houses, to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz and Holland.

## FASHIONS FOR 1866.



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THE statement that the last performance at the New York Academy of Music was "La Juive," is incorrect. The last thing that was played at that establishment was a stream from a steam fire engine.

A FAIR friend, of a botanical turn of mind, sends us word that she never reads "Facts and Fancies" without being reminded of her "fanneries." We understand her to refer to "fernaries."

THERE was a certain propriety in the Finnegans selecting Yeastport for their first great rising.

THEY have in Rome, Ga., a chicken with a double head, two beaks and four eyes. They have had a bird of a similar sort in Austria for many years.

THE Congressional report says that Mr. Alley moved to reduce tax on boots and shoes from two to one per cent. What are the Southern people to do without attacks on Alley-gaiters?

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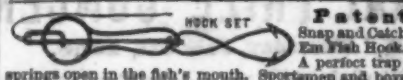
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HUNT & CO., PERFUMERS,  
123 South Seventh street, Philadelphia.

**100 Photographs of Union Generals** sent post-paid for 25 cents; 50 photographs of Rebel Officers for 25 cents; 100 photographs of Female Beauties for 25 cents; 100 photographs of Actors for 25 cents. Address  
C. BRYMOUR, Box 48, Holland, N. Y. 554-63

## WONDERFULLY STRANGE!

MADAME F. PRESTON, Clairvoyant Medium, lately returned from Spain, can produce by means of the Spanish "Horoscope" a perfect likeness of your future husband or wife, with full name, felicity of married life, pecuniary circumstances, and date of marriage. She can produce thousands of testimonials as to her ability, and will cheerfully refund the money to any person dissatisfied. Please state your age, color of hair and eyes, and enclose 50 cents, with prepaid envelope. Address MADAME F. PRESTON, Box 528, Brooklyn, Long Island. 567-60



## MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE

The Best Hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

**ITCH. (WHEATON'S) ITCH.**  
Salt Rheum. Ointment. Salt Rheum.  
Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cure Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chills, and all eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 Cents; by sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all Druggists. 541-660

## CALEBERG & VAUPEL'S AGRAFFE PIANOS.

101 Bleeker Street, Second Block West of Broadway. Warranted for Six Years. 110

## UNION NATIONAL GIFT CONCERT!

TO BE GIVEN AT

Smith and Nixon's Hall, Chicago, Ill.,  
JULY 5th, 1866.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND GIFTS,  
Valued at \$990,000!

NUMBER OF TICKETS, 1,000,000!  
AT \$1 EACH.

\$140,000 IN GREENBACKS!

Title to Real Estate Perfect and Warranty Deeds Given.

1 Gift in Real Estate (several parcels), in and near Chicago, \$50,000  
1 Gift in Greenbacks, 30,000  
5 Gifts in Greenbacks, each \$10,000, 50,000  
10 Gifts in Greenbacks, each \$5,000, 50,000  
5 Gifts in Greenbacks, each \$2,000, 10,000  
1 Gift in Real Estate, 30 acres, 5 miles west of Chicago, 10,000  
1 Gift in Real Estate in Juneau Co., Wisconsin, 2,200  
20 Gifts in Real Estate, 70 Lots in Brand's Addition to Chicago, each \$1,000, 50,000  
50 Gifts in elegant Pianos, each \$300, 40,000  
\$292,200  
99,975 other valuable Gifts—many of them large—valued at from \$1 to \$500, 607,800  
Total value of Prizes, \$990,000

For full descriptive list of Prizes, see small bills, accompanying orders.

The drawing will take place in the Hall, immediately after the Concert, by a Committee appointed by the audience—the first number drawn entitling the holder of the ticket corresponding to its number to the highest prize, the 2d to the second highest, and so on, until the whole is completed.

GOOD AND RELIABLE AGENTS wanted in every town and city in the Union, to whom great inducements are offered.

In every case send the name of each ticket-holder, with full address, as to Post-Office, County and State. Money may be sent at our risk by Express, Draft, Post-Office Order, or Registered Letter.

Address all communications to

BRYON, ROXBROOK, & CO.,  
P. O. Drawer 5977, 100 Madison st., Chicago.

Buy it for your Family.

## THE GOLD MEDAL SEWING-MACHINE.

ENTIRELY NEW, USEFUL, STRONG, COMPACT, ELEGANT, PERFECT IN FORM, AND CHEAP. FULLY LICENSED AND PATENTED, WITH LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. RELIABLE IN ITS WORK. DOES NOT DROP STITCHES. SEWS FIRM AND WITH GREAT SWIFTHNESS. WILL NOT HAVEL OUT. SEWS THE STITCH THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES. WILL NOT BREAK THREADS. IS A SELF-FEEDER. SMART AGENTS CAN MAKE \$20 PER DAY, \$100 PER WEEK, \$400 PER MONTH, \$5,000 PER YEAR. CLEAR. WE ARE NOW READY TO RECEIVE PROPOSALS TO ESTABLISH PERMANENT AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL MACHINES, CLASS 1, FOR FAMILY USE, SENT, PER EXPRESS, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, \$3.

Address, Gold Medal Sewing-Machine Co.,

S. E. cor. Ann and Nassau sts., N. Y.

Buy it for your Wife.



## FLORENCE LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

Highest Premium Gold Medal.

FAIR AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1865.

The best in the World. They have the Reversible Feed Motion. They have a perfect Self-Adjusting Shuttle Tension. They make four separate and distinct Stitches on one and the same machine. They have many advantages over all others.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,  
157-490 506 Broadway, New York.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

TENDER-HEARTED BYSTANDER—"Dedat, that's too bad. Only think—not content with eating a poor creature, but they must lay it on its back, labelled, that it may see its fate. Why, it beats the Cannibals. I only wish the Cruelty Preventive Society could see it."

**UNION ADAMS, HOSIER, GLOVER, AND SHIRT MAKER,**  
No. 637 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. 110

TO CURE

Diseases of the STOMACH and KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GOUT, GRAVEL and Disorders arising from excesses, use

## SMOLANDER'S Extract Bucku.

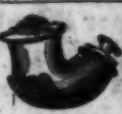
Price ONE DOLLAR. Agents for the South and West, D. BARNES & CO., New York; and BARNES, WARD & CO., New Orleans. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents. 548-660

## Dale's Tooth Powder.

Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., Proprietors. 549-610

For Public Exhibition.

Stereoscopic, Magic Lanterns and Dissolving Views; with pictures from all parts, and of every interesting subject, made by JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Prices and Illustrated Catalogue Sent Gratis. 552-640



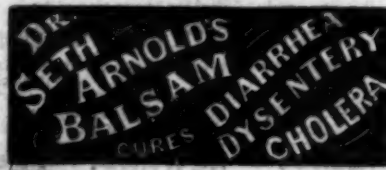
POLLAK & SON Moschum Manufacture, 507 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes \$6 to \$80 each. 63



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

## REMOVAL. BROADWAY RUBBER EMPORIUM. SHIFFER & CO.

Have removed from their old store to No. 715 BROADWAY, Corner below New York Hotel. A large and complete assortment of VULCANITE JEWELRY, INDIA RUBBER and Fancy Goods. 715 BROADWAY.



Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Mustaches? We will send, free by mail, a recipe, which will force them to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on bald heads, in six weeks. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, N. Y. 559-620

\$45 Will buy a No. 4 Zero Refrigerator the best in the world.

ALBY M. LINLEY,

1,310 Broadway & 605 Sixth Avenue.

100 Photographs of FEMALE BEAUTIES sent, post-paid, for 25 cents. Address B. L. FOX, 24 Varick street, New York city. 557-600

**EMPLOYMENT.**  
\$2,000 A YEAR PAID AGENTS.  
MALE & FEMALE FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS W. G. WILSON CLEVELAND, O.

Self Control.—To conquer habits, to attain health, and strength, and mental vigor; a better life. Young men interested can address, with postage, L. C. W., in care of 5,843 P. O., New York. 559-600

## O'BRIEN'S NATIONAL PRIZE CONCERT

Will be held at the "RING," Thursday, July 5th, 1866.

This Hall being the largest in the city, will accommodate all who wish to attend. Immediately after the Concert the Drawing will take place, when

One Hundred Thousand Dollars in Valuable Prizes, including Twenty-Three Thousand Dollars in Money, will be given to the Ticket-holders.

Only 100,000 Tickets and 25,000 Prizes, being One Chance in Four.

The First Prize is Ten Thousand Dollars in Cash.

The Drawing will positively take place at the time mentioned. The Prizes are all purchased, and will be delivered immediately after the Concert; and a full statement of the drawing and list of the winning numbers will be sent to every tick-t-holder. Parties whose numbers appear on the list, will forward their tickets at once, with full directions for shipping goods or money. I have published A NEW BOOK, containing a full list of prizes, describing how the prizes will be drawn, and how parties, not in the city, are to send for them, and, indeed, answering every question about the Concert, besides containing much other valuable information, which I will send, FREE OF CHARGE, to every one buying a ticket and enclosing five cents to pay postage.

## INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS:

I WILL SEND

For \$4.50.....	5 Tickets	For \$25.00.....	30 Tickets
" 7.00.....	"	" 35.00.....	"
" 10.00.....	"	" 45.00.....	"
" 17.50.....	"	" 55.00.....	"
" 21.00.....	"	" 65.00.....	"

Money can be sent at my risk by Draft, Post-Office Order, or Registered Letter. Always send your full Name, State, County and Post-Office.

## ORDER TICKETS EARLY.

At this time, June 1st, not over Fifteen Thousand Tickets remain unsold, and this number will soon be exhausted. Money received after the tickets are all sold will be promptly returned.

M. O'BRIEN, 122 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

REFERENCES.—William Schuss, New York City; L. Prang & Co., Boston, Mass.; C. Taber & Co., New Bedford, Mass.; Sumner & Turpin, Rochester, N. Y.; J. M. Bradstreet & Son, Chicago and New York; Goupil & Co., New York City; L. A. Elliot & Co., Boston, Mass.; Butler, Perigo & Way, Baltimore, Md.; William M. Kohl, Cincinnati, O.; Rice & Allen, Chicago and Kalamazoo; William H. Keen & Co., Chicago; and every Editor, Banker and Merchant in the City of Chicago.

## THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.'S CIRCULAR.

As many parties throughout the country wish to avail themselves of the advantage of obtaining their teas at WHOLESALE PRICES, we have made extensive arrangements for supplying that demand. Our profits are based upon the sale of

ONE THOUSAND CHESTS PER WEEK.

All the goods we sell are warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or they can be returned at our expense and have the money refunded. This makes it perfectly safe to parties ordering, as no one can have any doubt of our responsibility.

Parties will see by the examination of the following price-list that we are selling very much below any regular country dealer.

RETAIL PRICE-LIST:

COOLONG, 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per pound.  
MIXED, 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per pound.  
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per pound.  
GREEN TEAS, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per pound.  
YOUNG HYSON, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per pound.  
UNCOLORED JAPAN, \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per pound.  
IMPERIAL and GUNPOWDER, best \$1.25 per pound.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c.—best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to \$1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

## GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

No. 31 and 33 VESSEY ST., corner Church st.  
No. 640 BROADWAY, corner Bleeker st.  
No. 803 EIGHTH AVE., near Thirty-seventh st.  
No. 905 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN, cor. Concord st.

N. B.—Parties should be particular, in sending orders, to address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., Nos. 31 and 33 Vessey street, P. O. Box, 5,613—in full.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of clubs, can have each party's name marked on their packages as directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vessey st.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars, had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collection by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Our friends are getting up Clubs in most towns throughout the country, and for which we feel very grateful. Some of our Clubs send orders weekly, some not so often, while others keep a standing order to be supplied with a given quantity each week, or at stated periods. And in all cases (where a sufficient time has elapsed) Clubs have repeated their orders.

We append the second order from our Washington Treasury Department Club:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
March 2, 1866.

Great American Tea Company:

No. 31 and 33 VESSEY STREET, New York.

I send you herein a small list, which you will please all up and forward to my address by the "National Express and Transportation Company," No. 49 Broadway:

L. Cass Carpenter, 2 lb F. B. and Dinner Coffee, 30c.....	\$0.60
J. G. Chamberlain, 4 lb Java Coffee, Green, 40c.....	1.60
J. G. Chamberlain, 6 lb Java Coffee (burned, unground), 40c.....	2.40
J. E. Chamberlain, 4 lb Gunpowder, \$1.25.....	5.00
William H. Fox, 6 lb Japan Tea, \$1.....	6.00
Samuel Wise, 4 lb Gunpowder Tea, \$1.25.....	5.00
Samuel Wise, 13 lb Java Coffee, Green, 40c.....	4.80
C. B. Parkman, 12 lb Java Coffee, Green, 40c.....	4.80
C. B. Parkman, 2 lb English Breakfast Tea, \$1.20.....	2.40
S. J. Gass, 5 lb Java Coffee (burned, unground), 40c.....	2.00
S. J. Gass, 1 lb Uncolored Japan Tea.....	1.00
S. H. Cutts, 2 lb Oolong Tea, \$1.....	2.00
Wm. Matthews, 1 lb Oolong Tea, \$1.....	1.00
W. H. West, 1 lb Oolong Tea, \$1.....	1.00
W. H. West, 2 lb English Breakfast Tea, \$1.25.....	2.50
M. N. Abbey, 2 lb Oolong Tea, \$1.....	2.00
Mrs. Younger, 5 lb Young Hyson Tea, \$1.....	5.00
M. F. Wade, 2 lb Mixed Tea, \$1.....	2.00
Wm. M. Clark, 25 lb Best Burned Coffee (unground) 10c.....	2.50
Wm. M. Clark, 2 lb Gunpowder Tea, \$1.25.....	2.50
A. Hall, 5 lb Oolong, at \$1.....	5.00
Tremitt, 5 lb Oolong, at \$1.....	5.00
Tucker, 5 lb Oolong, at \$1.....	5.00
Dooley, 5 lb Oolong, at \$1.....	5.00
Dooley, 2 lb Gunpowder Tea, at \$1.25.....	3.75
E. Kenny, 1 lb F. B. and Dinner Coffee, at 30c.....	3.00
E. Kenny, 1 lb Uncolored Japan, at \$1.25.....	1.25
Total.....	\$87.00

Enclosed please find certificate of deposit on First National Bank, Washington, for \$87. The packages you will please put in one box if possible, and direct to me at this office. Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

L. CASS CARPENTER,

Fourth Auditor's Office, Treasury Department.

MEADVILLE, Pa., March 6, 1866.

DEAR SIRS—Your Tea and Bills received. All right. All perfectly satisfied with the article, and would say to others go and do likewise, thereby saving themselves from 75 to 100 per cent. Yours truly,

K. H. BRIGGS.

WOODSOKET, R. I., March 8, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.—GENTLEMEN—I have the pleasure to inform you that I got the Tea and Receipt all right, and I have made inquiries from all that sent, and I find that it gives good satisfaction in every case. It just cost me 2 1/2 cents per pound to get it here; so I say we saved 37 1/2 cents per pound, and got a better article. I have had many inquiries about it, and they all say I must let them know when we send again. I am sure we shall have a very large Club next time. I remain yours, truly,

JAMES WOODHOUSE.

LITTLE PRINCE, Wis., March 4, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., N. Y. City: I have noticed your advertisements frequently in the papers, but seeing your address in the American Agriculturist, GIVES ME AN ASSURANCE THAT YOU ARE JUST WHAT YOU PRETEND TO BE. I want a caddy of your best Gunpowder Tea, say 20 lb at \$1.25, and 1 caddy of Uncolored Japan at \$1.10, say 15 to 20 lb. Send them by Express. Yours, truly,

M. P. BISHOP, P. M.